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EPPERSON, SANDRA L. A Thesis Production of Dark of the Moon by Howard Richardson and William Berney. (1973) Directed by: Kathryn England. Pp 187.

The purpose of this thesis was to study the script, produce the play, and evaluate the production of Dark of the Moon by Howard Richardson and William Berney.

The preliminary part includes the following: (1) historical and stylistic analyses of the play, (2) character descriptions and analyses, (3) a discussion of the function and mood of the set, and (4) justification for the director's choice of the script for production.

The second part includes the director's prompt book of the production as performed April 22, 23, and 24, 1971, in Taylor Building at the University of North Carolina at Greensboro. Types of notations included are (1) movement, composition, and picturization, (2) rhythm and tempo notes, (3) stage business, and (4) sound notes. Floor plans and production photographs implement this record.

Part III contains the director's critical evaluation of her work with the production. Discussed in Part III are (1) artist-director relationships during the rehearsal period, (2) problems with the style of the production, and (3) audience reaction to the production.

The appendix of this thesis includes a program as an actual record of the performance and the reviews from the Greensboro Daily News and the UNC-G campus paper, the Carolinian.

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This thesis has been approved by the following committee  
of the Faculty of the Graduate School at The University of North  
Carolina at Greensboro

A THESIS PRODUCTION OF DARK OF THE MOON

BY HOWARD RICHARDSON AND WILLIAM BERNEY

by

Sandra Lee Epperson

*Thesis Advisor Kathryn England*

A Thesis Submitted to  
the Faculty of the Graduate School at  
The University of North Carolina at Greensboro  
in Partial Fulfillment  
of the Requirements for the Degree  
Master of Fine Arts

*Thesis Advisor Kathryn England*

Greensboro  
1973

Approved by

*Kathryn England*  
Thesis Adviser

APPROVAL PAGE

This thesis has been approved by the following committee  
of the Faculty of the Graduate School at The University of North  
Carolina at Greensboro.

Thesis Adviser

Kathryn England

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Committee Members

David R. Batcheller

Herman W. Dutton

April 26, 1971

Date of Examination



#### ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

Grateful acknowledgment is made to the faculty of the Theatre Division of the Department of Drama and Speech--especially to Miss Kathryn England for her assistance and encouragement as thesis director, to Barry Dudley for his design concept for the production, and to the cast and crews for lending their talents to the production.

# DEDICATION

This paper is dedicated to the memory of James Moore.

1950--1972

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In 1941, Howard Richardson, a native of Asheville, North Carolina wrote the first draft of Barbara Allen, a play about superstition in the Smoky Mountains.

The play was originally conceived as a satire, a satire that was a reaction against a bad folk drama produced in the fall of 1941 at the University of Iowa. . . . and then, in the author's own words, the play ran away with him, and suddenly it was turning into a poetic fantasy.<sup>1</sup>

This paper concerns itself with the play conceived by Howard Richardson, who later collaborated with William Barney on the final version.

## PART I

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... ..

After the first production of Barbara Allen, the play underwent extensive rewriting in preparation for its Broadway debut in 1945.

Since then it has received many hundreds of productions. According to author Howard Richardson, "there is hardly a night when it isn't playing somewhere."<sup>2</sup>

Howard Richardson composed the first draft of Barbara Allen during the Christmas break at the University of Iowa in 1941. In the summer of 1942 the University Theatre produced the play, which received

<sup>1</sup>John T. Boyt, "Out of the Drama Mailbag," New York Times, April 8, 1945, sec. 2, p. 1.

<sup>2</sup>Howard Richardson and William Barney, Dark of the Moon, (New York: Theatre Arts Books, 1970), p. ix.

## PART I

### BACKGROUND

In 1941, Howard Richardson, a native of Asheville, North Carolina wrote the first draft of Barbara Allen, a play about superstition in the Smoky Mountains.

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### External Influences

#### Past Productions

After the first production of Barbara Allen, the play underwent extensive rewriting in preparation for its Broadway debut in 1945. Since then it has received many hundreds of productions. According to author Howard Richardson, "there is hardly a night when it isn't playing somewhere."<sup>2</sup>

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<sup>1</sup>John T. Boyt, "Out of the Drama Mailbag," New York Times, April 8, 1945, sec. 2, p. 2.

<sup>2</sup>Howard Richardson and William Berney, Dark of the Moon, (New York: Theatre Arts Books, 1970), p. ix.



much critical acclaim. Stanford University gave it the Maxwell Anderson Award for the best American verse drama of the year.<sup>3</sup>

John Boyt, scene designer for this production, points out that the Smoky Mountain legend about Barbara Allen does not serve as the basis for the play. In fact, Howard Richardson composed original lyrics for the ballad that runs throughout the play, and based the plot of Barbara Allen on these lyrics.<sup>4</sup>

Consequently, when the Messrs. Schubert opened the play on Broadway (March 14, 1945), they titled it Dark of the Moon.<sup>5</sup> The adventurous Schubert brothers and the play they produced impressed the New York critics. Stark Young, New York Times drama critic, saw Dark of the Moon as "a promising sign in the theatre, an encouraging intention of the poetic, an effort to enrich and dilate the substance of our theatre material."<sup>6</sup> Barnard Hewitt, writing from the academic point of view as a critic for Players Magazine, felt otherwise:

I believe the authors started in to write a burlesque of folk drama and, finding that burlesque is very difficult to maintain through a full length play, attempted to transform it into a serious piece. The scenes which are plain burlesque of folk drama are funny, but the serious scenes seem to be the sheerest nonsense.<sup>7</sup>

British critics reacted enthusiastically to the London production in 1949. The reviewer for the London Times said that Peter Brook, the director of the London production,

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<sup>3</sup>Richardson and Berney, Dark of the Moon, p. vi.

<sup>4</sup>Boyt, New York Times, sec. 2, p. 2.

<sup>5</sup>Review, New York Times, March 16, 1945, p. 7.

<sup>6</sup>Stark Young, "Varieties of Legend," New Republic, April 2, 1945, p. 447.

<sup>7</sup>Barnard Hewitt, "Plays," Players Magazine, November-December 1945, p. 14.



drives his company at an exhilarating speed, but they are never allowed to get out of hand. When they have galloped through a comic passage they drop to the gentle trot becoming to romance and return at need with the utmost smoothness to the breakneck gallop.<sup>8</sup>

Beverly Baxter, M.P., critic for the World Review, complimented Brook for the credibility of the supernatural characters:

He summoned moonlight, magic and the mystery of night to break down our defences. He hurled his witches against us with such passionate appeal that . . . we were almost ready to shout "Yes" to his question "Do you believe in witches?"<sup>9</sup>

The critical evaluations of the different productions shared two common points. All three noted a strong, appealing leading man. Stark Young found Richard Hart, in the New York production, particularly effective because of his "stage sense, bodily alertness, sincerity and a kind of inner rightness and pathos. . . ,"<sup>10</sup> qualities mandatory for an effective interpretation of the Witch Boy. In addition, dissimilar treatment of the witches and the humans emphasized the contrast between the natural and supernatural worlds in all three productions.

#### Superstition

Supernatural means "above or beyond the natural;"<sup>11</sup> people who believe that certain events are caused by forces outside nature are superstitious people. The people of the Smoky Mountain Region of North Carolina and Tennessee claim long association with witchcraft, superstitions, and legends that have come to the more cosmopolitan parts of the

<sup>8</sup>Review, London Times, March 10, 1949, p. 7.

<sup>9</sup>Beverley Baxter, M.P., "Comments on Peter Brook's Production of Dark of the Moon," World Review, May, 1949, p. 18.

<sup>10</sup>Young, "Varieties of Legend."

<sup>11</sup>C. L. Barnhart, ed., The American College Dictionary (1964), p. 1215.

world only recently, disguised as astrology and the occult. But Smoky Mountain superstition is more than a recent addendum to the culture of the people. It is a long-standing basis for much of their way of life.<sup>12</sup>

The best definition of superstition to date is Alfred Lehmann's: "Superstition is any general assumption, which cannot be justified in any specific religion, or which is at variance with the scientific conception of nature at a given time."<sup>13</sup> Superstitions often arise as explanations for reoccurring coincidences. In these cases "an event is assumed to be the cause of certain later happenings--the familiar logical fallacy of post hoc, ergo propter hoc ('after this, therefore because of this')."<sup>14</sup> Superstitions, beliefs and practices "as Carveth Read (Man and His Superstitions) has observed, may be of a negligible or frivolous kind." But often superstition carries its believers so far afield from truth as to be actually dangerous or socially harmful.<sup>15</sup> At any rate,

. . . no one is immune from the assumptions that underlie superstition, nor from holding or practicing superstition to some degree. People are superstitious, and that fact leads to observation of a wide range of beliefs, sayings, and practices. . . .<sup>16</sup>

The people of the mountain region pass on these "beliefs, sayings, and practices" by word of mouth, but occasionally an anthropologist of

<sup>12</sup>Wayland D. Hand, ed., Popular Beliefs and Superstitions from North Carolina, Vol. VI of The Frank C. Brown Collection of North Carolina Folklore, ed. by Newman Ivey White (7 vols.; Durham: Duke University Press, 1961), pp xix-xx.

<sup>13</sup>Ibid., p xxi.

<sup>14</sup>Jan Harold Brunvard, The Study of American Folklore, (New York: W. W. Norton & Company, Inc., 1968), p. 178.

<sup>15</sup>Carveth Read, Man and His Superstitions, (Cambridge, England: The University Press, 1925) quoted in Hand, Vol. VI, p. xxi.

<sup>16</sup>Brunvard, p. 178.

North Carolina folklore collects a few of them and puts them in written form. North Carolina Folklore, a quarterly journal, lists over 3,000 superstitious sayings collected from within the state over a three-month period.<sup>17</sup> The Frank C. Brown Collection of North Carolina Folklore is a seven-volume collection. The sixth and seventh volumes, edited by Professor Wayland Hand, deals with superstitions. Professor Hand collected over 200,000 superstitions from published American and Canadian collections and his own research.<sup>18</sup>

The quantity of information alone supports the assumption that these superstitions are not merely adages, but actual motivational forces in the lives of the people who hold superstitious beliefs:

The persistence of folk beliefs when many of the other conventional forms of folklore are dying out reinforces the notion already expressed with considerable conviction that folk beliefs and superstitions have a vitality and closeness to life uniquely their own.<sup>19</sup>

Dark of the Moon, based on some of the potentially harmful superstitions of the Smoky Mountain people, often refers to superstitions about witches. For instance, in Act I, scene 4, Burt Dinwitty says that a witch can chase a man and "ride 'em till they're dead." Professor Hand finds confirmation of Burt's statement in several stories about men and women suspected of being witches who lassoed their neighbors and rode them like horses. From Nova Scotia to North Carolina Professor Hand records the belief that the Bible has the power to keep witches away. Much of the story of Dark of the Moon involves the idea that a witch cannot attend

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<sup>17</sup>Joseph D. Clark, "North Carolina Superstitions," North Carolina Folklore, XIV (July 1966), pp. 3-40.

<sup>18</sup>Brunvard, p. 184.

<sup>19</sup>Hand, Vol. VI, p. xiii.

church. Professor Hand's research reveals that a witch may go to church, but he must sit with his back to the minister. Professor Hand also notes the belief that witches can disappear at will.<sup>20</sup>

Several references to the more harmless superstitions give support to the characters and credibility to the world in which they live. Uncle Smellicue says that his rheumatism has not troubled him since he began carrying horse chestnuts in his pockets. Professor Hand finds concurrence with Uncle Smellicue's belief from all over the country.<sup>21</sup> In addition, Professor Hand records numerous superstitious beliefs regarding the colors of dresses, particularly wedding dresses. Invariably a blue wedding dress guarantees the fidelity of one or both partners. A red dress on the bride foretells impending death for the groom.<sup>22</sup> This conflict between red and blue dresses is an integral part of the ballad which serves as a theme song for the play. The last stanza of this ballad reads:

Forever is a long, long time;  
A year is sometimes longer.  
The blue dress mighty pretty was,  
But the red dress was the stronger.<sup>23</sup>

Not only is this verse a fitting end to the story, but it places the theme song itself into the realm of the superstitious. The playwright, however, deleted the last stanza after the premiere production, because it foreshadows the climax of the conflict too explicitly.

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<sup>20</sup>Hand, Vol. VII, pp. 113-40.

<sup>21</sup>Hand, Vol. VI, p. 259.

<sup>22</sup>Ibid., pp. 653-55.

<sup>23</sup>Review, Theatre Arts, May, 1945, pp. 267-68.

### Internal Analysis

#### Plot

According to William Berney, collaborator on the play, Dark of the Moon is "the story of the god on earth, rejected by mankind and banished--by mankind's hatred and suspicions--to his mountaintop again."<sup>24</sup> More simply, the central action of the play is the protagonist's attempt to win and hold a human woman even against the laws of his own nature. In the first scene John persuades the Conjur Woman to make him into a human for a year so that he may marry the human girl, Barbara Allen. The Conjur Woman agrees on the condition that Barbara Allen remain faithful to John for a year. In opposition to John's desires are the Conjur Man, who knows that John does not belong in a world of humans, and two possessive witches who do not want John in the arms of another.

Further conflict surfaces in the second scene--a square dance in Buck Creek. Marvin Hudgen's, Barbara's most recent beau, resents John's intrusion into his date with Barbara. When Marvin offers to fight John, John floors him with a bolt of lightning. The amazed townspeople begin to dislike the intruder.

In the last scene of the first act, John seems to have attained his goal: he marries Barbara Allen. But he also further alienates the townspeople. First he lifts a full apple barrel with one hand and then, later in the scene, produces a ring which the townspeople recognize as

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<sup>24</sup>William Du Bois, "A Couple of Southern Cousins," New York Times, April 1, 1945, sec 2, p. 1.



belonging on the hand of a long-buried corpse. The townspeople now know that John is a witch, and from this point on, the outcome of the plot is irrevocable.

The limitations of his humanity begin to show on John in the first scene of Act II as he struggles with chopping wood. When Marvin Hudgens walks off with Barbara, John can no longer throw a lightning bolt at him. John has achieved humanity, and the everyday activities of being human are more than he can handle. He attempts to share his feelings with Barbara.

. . . Sometimes after plowin' all day in the sun, I jes' gotta go somewhar alone when hit night--somewhar far off, whar hit dark and black. So I go to Old Baldy. Up thar on the mounting. I look at them stars, all them planets a-twistin' and changin' out thar in space. Then I know that this'n I'm standing on, hit ain't so much, hit little, hit twistin' and changin' too. And I wanta be somethin' more'n jes' that!<sup>25</sup>

The highest point of emotion in Dark of the Moon is not the climax of the plot. The revival scene reaches a powerful emotional climax with the rape of Barbara Allen. Any action which follows is likely to be anticlimatic, but the climax of the plot has not yet occurred. Therefore, the director will try to rekindle tension by keeping Barbara Allen on stage until she meets the witches, whose mounting hysteria will drive her off. Their mocking rendition of "Down in the Valley" will finish building the tension to a level appropriate for the climax of the central action.

In the last scene of the play John asks the Conjur Woman for more time in the valley. Just as the witches had prophesied in Act II, scene 3. The two witches claim Barbara Allen's life, and with her

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<sup>25</sup>Richardson and Berney, Dark of the Moon, pp. 53-54

death, John's will is thwarted at last. In a brief denouement, he turns back into a witch, and the central action--and the play--are complete.

### Characters

In developing the plot of Dark of the Moon, the authors employ twenty-five characters, the most important are John, the two witches, Preacher Haggler, Conjur Man, Conjur Woman, and Barbara Allen.

John is an enigma to the valley people and to Barbara Allen, but he is the most real and sympathetic character in the play. To John Boyt, the witch boy expresses "the conflict of the two sides of man's nature, that which rode the winds shrieking and sought the mountaintops, and the other which must make its adjustment to plowing and woodchopping."<sup>26</sup> John, driven to the valley by his witch-like desire to possess the copper-haired beauty, is destroyed by the superstition and hate he finds there. Early in the play he tells the Conjur Man that he is different, more human than other witches. But John is wrong. In fact he is a creature far removed from humanity, whose desire for humanity is dangerous to him.

The mountain people, amazed to discover that he loves a human girl, warn him against a relationship with humans. Later in the play, as he works his way into a new life style, lives in it, and is defeated by it, the prophesy of the mountain people is fulfilled. But John is fortunate. In the end he does not remember his days as a human and therefore finds peace in his return to the witch world.

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<sup>26</sup>Review, New York Times.

Witches of both sexes and conjur people, usually women, appear in folklore from the Smokies to the Ozarks. They are usually humans who have strayed from the path of righteousness into the realm of dark magic. Conjur women have the power to insure virility, cure ills, and make difficult childbirth easier, while witches are generally evil creatures with powers much stronger than the conjur women.<sup>27</sup>

The two witches in Dark of the Moon are in love with John and highly possessive of him. Their desire to return him "to the moonlight and us" motivates them throughout the play. These lazy, selfish, careless creatures consider only the present, since their afterlife is not in question. Witches have three hundred years on the earth without worry or responsibility, before they turn into mountain fog; therefore they have no need to live a righteous life as their counterparts in the valley must.

In Dark of the Moon the conjur people have the power to make witches mortal and the power of life and death over humans. They are as powerful and steady as time. Conjur Woman is a meddling old woman who likes to use her powers. Conjur Man is wiser; he knows the evils that can befall John if he tries to become human, and his only concern is for the well-being of the witch boy.

John's only love is Barbara Allen, the blue-eyed girl with the copper-colored hair. She is a romantic creature who wears flowers when the other women only put a bit of a ruffle on their utilitarian aprons. Barbara is a mature young lady at the age of eighteen, and, already

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<sup>27</sup>Hand, Vol. VII, passim, chapter viii; and Vance Randolph, Ozark Superstitions, (New York: Columbia Press, 1947), pp. 265-307, passim.



pregnant when she comes onstage; she does not particularly care if she gets married "in time." She has been true to no man, but now she has met John and, though her character is complex, her chief motivation throughout the play is her love for and faith in him.

She is carrying John's child and, in the course of the play, gives birth to a stillborn infant which the midwives burn. Her tenacious faith in her husband weakens only for an instant, and in that moment Marvin Hudgens rapes her, breaking the year's trust John must keep to remain human. But even though she knows that her husband will become a witch again, she steadfastly climbs the mountain looking for him, believing that as long as they are together, they can endure anything.

Marvin Hudgens, Barbara's boyfriend before she met John, is the town bully. He is big and mean and behaves like an angry, whipped pup when John beats him with "conjur magic." Late in the play he takes great pleasure in beating John at wood-chopping and fighting. It is his jealousy of John that motivates him throughout, and ultimately he is the agent of John's final defeat.

Barbara's parents and her brother Floyd are caricatures of a mountain family. They drink mountain dew and discuss the virtues and flaws of the social worker and the Almanac. Shotgun in hand, Paw goes hunting for a husband for his pregnant daughter. Floyd is a typical barefoot mountain boy, "always gittin' put out when the fun starts." The family members are enthusiastic revival-goers, taking real interest in the public confessions of their neighbors at the revival. But they become unsympathetic characters when they try to take Barbara away from her

husband's house after the birth of the dead baby.

The Bergen's are another family group--father, mother Gabby, and daughter Ella. Gabby, as the name implies, is the town gossip. She also serves as midwife when Barbara delivers her baby. Ella, described by Mr. Allen as "eight months gone," is another mountain belle, evidently just as popular as Barbara.

Mr. and Mrs. Summey and their daughter, Edna, make up the last family group. Mr. Summey runs the general store. Mrs. Summey, older than Mrs. Bergen, has been the midwife for the valley for over forty years. Edna is another town belle, probably the closest to Barbara in popularity, but just enough less attractive than Barbara to be jealous of her.

In addition to the family groups, there are several other important Buck Creek residents. The community supports two bachelors, Uncle Semlicue and Miss Metcalf. Uncle Smelicue is the good-natured bachelor of about sixty years who earns his place in the community by keeping alive the superstitions and stories of the past. Not above lifting a dollar from the cash register himself, he is the first to tease the younger ones about their indiscretions. Miss Metcalf is the village schoolmarm, never married and consequently the subject of much local humor. Her rigid moral attitudes provide the rest of the townspeople an occasional laugh.

Preacher Haggler is a hell-fire and damnation preacher whose greatest glory is his monthly revival meeting. He is a humorous character in the first act of the play, drinking corn "likker" with the Allens and

justifying himself by quoting scripture: "Good Book say wine maketh glad the heart. . . . If Jesus turned water into wine, what's wrong in our converting the corn we grow?"<sup>28</sup> In the second act, however, he turns into an evil power that represents the sentiment of the valley against John. He hates John for being different, and viciously tries to exorcise him in the name of righteousness. Preacher Haggler himself is the image of God to the valley people; when they pray, it is with him in mind.

### Setting

The world of the witches overshadows all of Dark of the Moon and is the specific setting for three of the scenes. The director will play these scenes on a high mountain, which will separate the mountain people physically from the valley below, and will also emphasize the dominating influence of superstition. The remainder of the scenes are divided among various locations in the valley over which the mountain looms (the Allen cabin, the town square, Barbara and John's cabin, the general store, and the church).

Both the designer and the director feel that the play calls for more outdoor activity than the authors indicate in the script. It is the consensus of the designer and the director that the force of the mountain needs to prevail in as many scenes as possible. Therefore, the director wishes to move an early scene in the Allen cabin and the revival scene to an outdoor setting. The cabin scene will be more effective outside since it requires that the witches appear and that John's eagle crow. The revival should be outdoors for three reasons. First, by having it outside

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<sup>28</sup>Richardson, p. 21.

the mountain can loom over the revival and emphasize the superstitions of the valley people which ultimately triumph over their religious beliefs. Second, the director wants the two witches to have the opportunity to watch the revival. Third, the director feels that the emotions of the scene are too powerful to be confined by a church roof.

### Poetry, Music, and Dance

The more emotional the scene the more the poetic dialogue, music and dance determine its tempo. Throughout the story the authors rely heavily on verbal repetition to establish almost musical rhythms. The two scenes most obviously musical in their verse treatment are the story of the green and shiny stone and the revival. Uncle Smellicue tells the story of the ring to the men seated around him in the general store:

ATKINS: And they get to the coffin?

MR. BERGEN: And they git the coffin open?

HANK: And they git at the ring with the green and shiny stone?

SMELICUE: Well, they git to the coffin, and they git the coffin open, but the ring hit gone, and the hand chopped off!

OTHERS: And the hand chopped off!<sup>29</sup>

A similar treatment characterizes the last portion of the revival scene. This segment lasts five minutes; the action calls for an advancing, threatening movement which provides an excellent opportunity for blending movement and rhythmic dialogue.

HAGGLER: Git on your knees, git and hear the voice of the Lord.

GROUP: Git on yer knees, git on yer knees, git on yer knees  
and git washed in the blood.

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<sup>29</sup>  
Ibid., p. 33.

HAGGLER: Show her, Gawd, the fruit a her sin!

GROUP: Hep her, Gawd, see the trouble she in!

HAGGLER: Listen to the Lord, He ease yer pain, wash away  
yer sin like the mountain rain.

GROUP: Like the mountain rain, like the mountain rain.

HAGGLER: Git on yer knees and confess yer shame.<sup>30</sup>

Heavy, obvious repetition marks the valley people's speech when they tell a frightening story and whip themselves into a frenzy in the revival scene. A gentler, more subtle rhythm lends a romantic flavor to the speech of the witches and Conjur people:

CONJUR MAN: Whar yer eagle, witch boy, yer eagle you been  
ridin'?

JOHN: Don't call me witch boy. My name John.

. . . . .

CONJUR MAN: Yer eagle must be lonesome up on Old Baldy--alone  
on Old Baldy. Hit dark, and hit black.

JOHN: He kin git along without me. He'll have to larn to  
anyway.

CONJUR MAN: And kin you larn hit too, witch boy, larn to get  
along without eagles and sech? Hit mighty hard a-walkin',  
walkin' all the time, with no way to fly.

JOHN: But hit don't differ, Conjur Man, not to them hit don't.  
Not to them what's never flied.

CONJUR MAN: But you ain't like them, witch boy. You ain't  
like the valley people.

JOHN: Thar ain't so much difference atween us.

CONJUR MAN: Thar more difference than you know. They got souls  
and go to heaven. They gits born, and live and die.<sup>31</sup>

And later, the witches torment John:

WITCH BOY: You can't ever hold her.

WITCH GIRL: She can't understand. Humans never know each  
other. Never really find each other.

WITCH BOY: Kiss her, but you're alone, boy. Kiss her, but  
you're lost.

JOHN: I ast you to leave me be!

WITCH GIRL: You're astin' fer all time, boy, instead of jes'  
to-night.

WITCH BOY: Three hundred years--don't ast fer more.

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<sup>30</sup>Ibid., pp. 68-69.

<sup>31</sup>Ibid., pp. 1-2.



JOHN: What you want of me?

WITCH GIRL: The earth's a-turnin', boy, to the night when  
Barbara leave you. Feel hit turnin'? Feel hit turnin'?  
You'll be sorry, boy.

WITCH BOY: You'll be sorry!<sup>32</sup>

The witches' lazy attitudes and rhythmic speech indicate consistently dancelike movements for them, and indeed the script of Dark of the Moon calls for a dance by the two witches as they try to lure John back to the mountain.

Complimenting the rhythmic nature of the dialogue, songs indigenous to the Smoky Mountains occur at a number of points in the play. Although Howard Richardson composed the lyrics for the play, the tune to the ballad "Barbara Allen" is an authentic one. The ballad is an old Scottish air which is sung in the Smoky Mountains today in many different versions.<sup>33</sup> A number of other folksongs occur in their more traditional forms, such as "Down in the Valley," "As I Wander by That Lonesome Strand," "Smoky Mountain Gal," and "A Picture From Life's Other Side."

In production these folksongs should grow naturally out of the situation in which they occur so that they preserve what one New York critic has called the "magnificent directness, the clarity, the

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<sup>32</sup>Ibid., pp. 55-56

<sup>33</sup>The Library of Congress records thirty-two versions and variants, and one 1946 study records thirty-four versions. (Charles Seeger, ed., "Versions and Variants of Barbara Allen," Library of Congress Music Division Recording Laboratory, 1955, and Maria Leach, The Rainbow Book of American Folk Tales and Legends, (Cleveland: World Publishing Company, 1958), p. 151.)

directness of appeal that marks all good folksinging."<sup>34</sup>

### Style

Perhaps the most interesting problem for the director of Dark of the Moon is the frequency of change in place and emotional key demanded by the play. The variance "in mood between the fanciful and the real--a shifting in emphasis inherent in the script, and one which presents a problem to the director and actor as well as to the designer,"<sup>35</sup> is an exciting challenge for the director.

The director feels that the play has a universal theme that Richardson and Berney couch in terms which are now somewhat dated. Therefore, one of her primary concerns is to find an interesting and imaginative treatment that will involve a fairly sophisticated audience. She believes that an audience is more likely to suspend their disbeliefs in the face of outright fantasy than in outdated realism. The director will create an opening scene to prepare the audience for something supernatural and powerful. The play will begin as the house lights dim. Two shrouded figures will appear in front of the curtain and sing the theme song. This song is sung by Barbara Allen in the second scene of the play. If first introduced there, the plot is disclosed prematurely and the song is too late to help create the element of fantasy needed to involve the audience. Introducing the song before the curtain rises will establish this fantasy and certainly should capture the audience's attention.

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<sup>34</sup>Review, New York Times.

<sup>35</sup>Review, Theatre Arts.

### Choice of Script

The director chose Dark of the Moon for production because she felt the play would draw enough enthusiasm from the student body to provide adequate audiences. The theatre department at the time of the production maintained a corps of fine actors, making casting of the play possible several times over. After consultation with the scenic designer, who felt the play could be produced on the budget provided, the director finalized the choice. She finds Dark of the Moon an exciting play, full of opportunities for singular performances by each of its actors; full of rich opportunities for original and exciting conceptualization and treatment of characters and character relationships.



DATE of the Month
$\frac{1}{2} \times 1'$
BARRY DUBLEY

Figure 1



PART II

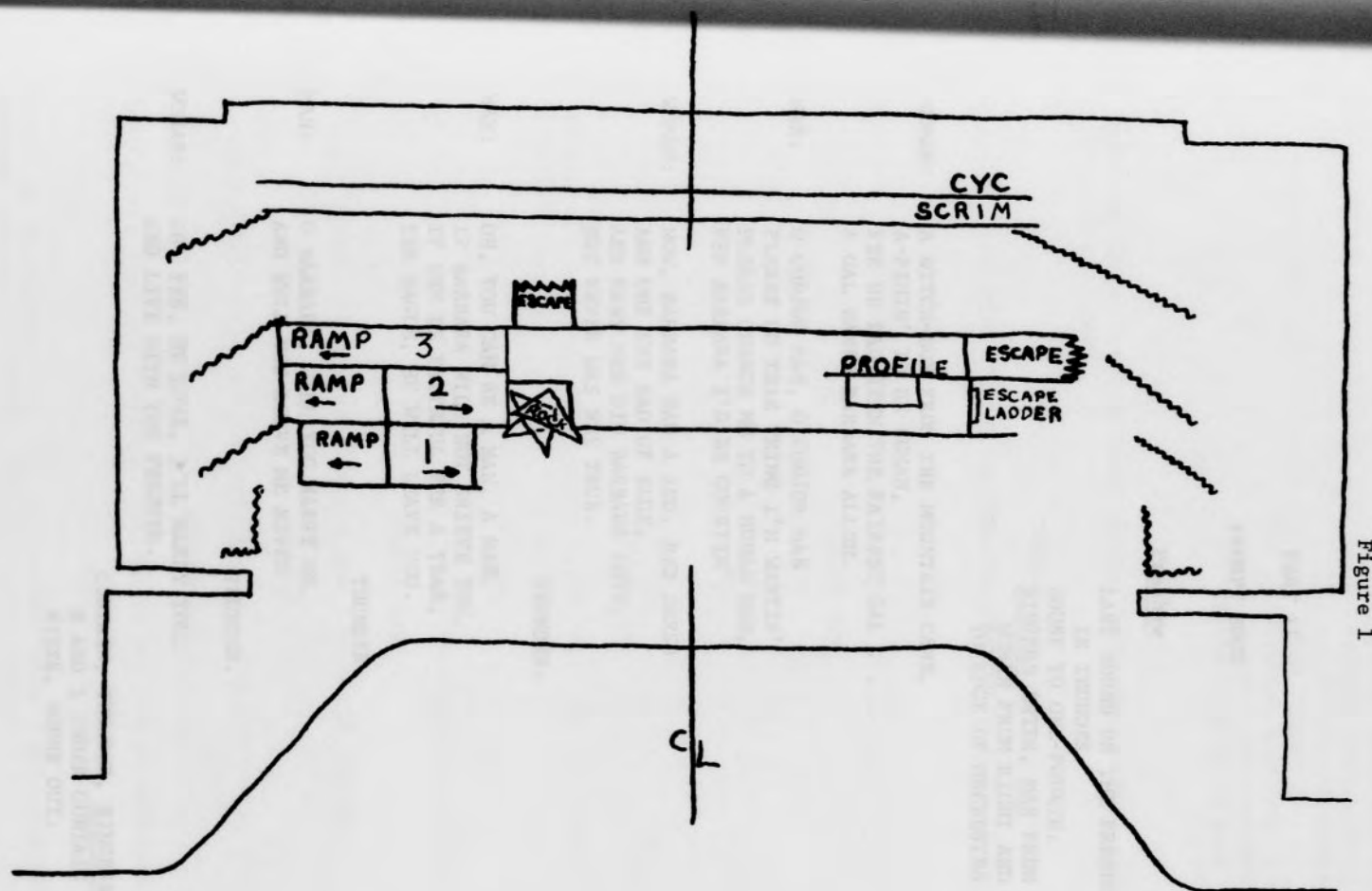


Figure 1

DARK OF THE MOON
$\frac{1}{8}" = 1'$
BARRY DUDLEY

## PART II

## PROMPT BOOK

Preshow

LAST SOUND ON THE PRESHOW TAPE  
IS THUNDER.

HOUSE TO ONE-FOURTH.

SINGERS ENTER, MAN FROM LEFT,  
WOMAN FROM RIGHT AND XD  
TO EDGE OF ORCHESTRA PIT.

WOMAN: A WITCH-BOY FROM THE MOUNTAIN CAME,  
A-PININ' TO BE HUMAN,  
FER HE HAD SEEN THE FAIREST GAL . . .  
A GAL NAMED BARBARA ALLEN.

MAN: O CONJUR MAN, O CONJUR MAN  
PLEASE DO THIS THING I'M WANTIN'  
PLEASE CHANGE ME TO A HUMAN MAN,  
FER BARBARA I'D BE COURTIN'.

WOMAN: NOW, BARBARA HAD A RED, RED DRESS  
AND ONE SHE HAD OF BLUE,  
AND MANY MEN DID BARBARA LOVE,  
BUT NEVER WAS SHE TRUE.

THUNDER.

MAN: OH, YOU CAN BE A MAN, A MAN,  
IF BARBARA WILL NOT GRIEVE YOU,  
IF SHE BE FAITHFUL FER A YEAR,  
YER EAGLE, HE WILL LEAVE YOU.

THUNDER.

MAN: O BARBARA, WILL YOU MARRY ME,  
AND WILL YOU LEAVE ME NEVER

THUNDER.

WOMAN: OH, YES, MY LOVE, I'LL MARRY YOU,  
AND LIVE WITH YOU FEREVER.

CURTAIN, THUNDER, SINGERS EXIT  
R AND L UNDER CURTAIN AS IT  
RISES, HOUSE OUT.

LIGHTNING, BLACKOUT, LIGHTNING  
REVEALS THREE WITCHES IN  
SILHOUETTE ON MOUNTAIN.  
(See Figure 2)  
LIGHTNING, BLACKOUT, LIGHTNING  
REVEALS EMPTY MOUNTAIN.  
LIGHTS FADE UP ON RAMP 3, RIGHT.

JOHN

(FROM OFFSTAGE R) Conjur Man. Is you here, Conjur Man? (ENTER R UP RAMP  
3 TO C) Conjur Man!

CONJUR MAN

(FROM ONSTAGE SIDE OF RAMP 2) Who that? (LIGHTS FADE UP ON MOUNTAIN)

JOHN

Hit jes' me, Conjur Man.

CONJUR MAN

(XU RAMP 2) What me?

JOHN

John.

CONJUR MAN

(XU RAMP 3) What you doin' here, witch boy? You ain't got no cause fer  
a-strayin'.

JOHN

But I got to see you, Conjur Man. I got to ast you somethin'.

CONJUR MAN

You got nothin' to ast me that you don't know the answer.

JOHN

I come a long way to see you and that ain't no way to treat me.

CONJUR MAN

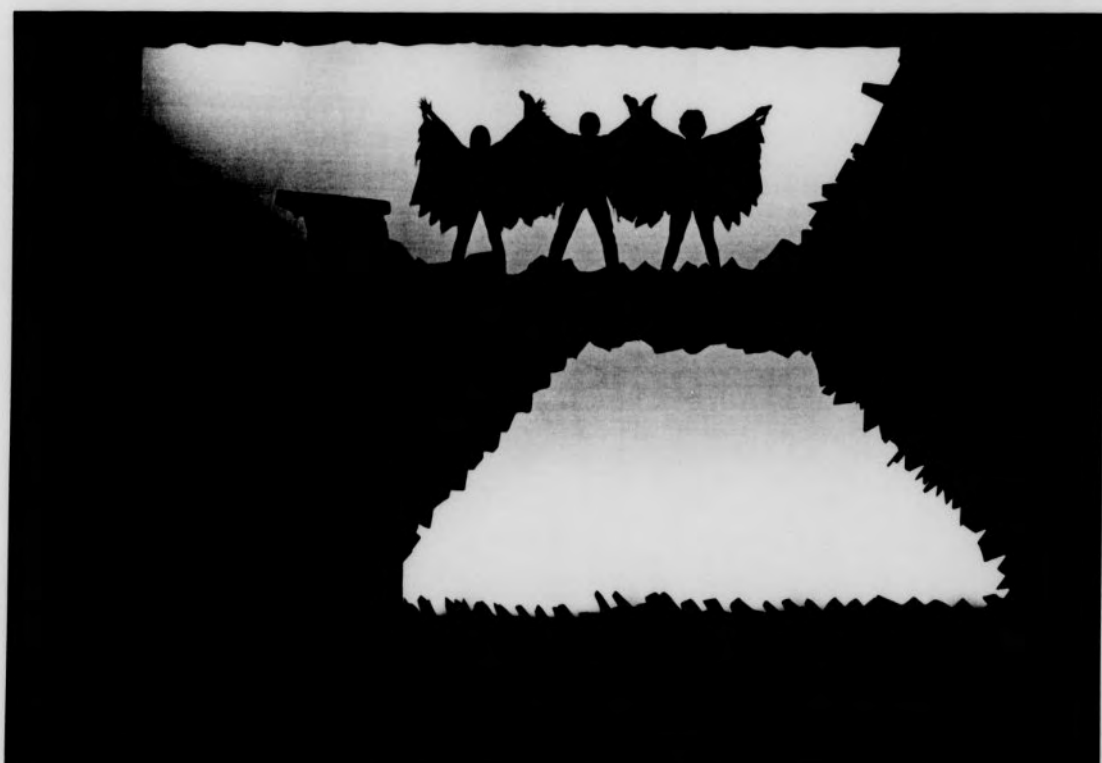
How fur you come don't differ. Hit still no. (XL ON MOUNTAIN)

JOHN

Listen to me, Conjur Man. If you do this thing I ast, I swear I pay you  
anythin' you want. (MOVE) Make me into a human!

Figure 2

THIS DIRECTION IS A CHARACTER  
 MOVE. CONJURE MAN SWINGS HIS  
 ARM IN A WIDE ARC AS THUNDER  
 HE VERY THUNDERING BOLTS IN  
 LIGHTNING.



CONJUR MAN

(ZAP)

THIS DIRECTION IS A CHARACTER  
MOVE. CONJUR MAN SWINGS HIS  
ARM IN A WIDE ARC AS THOUGH  
HE WERE THROWING BOLTS OF  
LIGHTNING.

Whar yer eagle, witch boy, yer eagle you been ridin'?

JOHN

(DUCKING ZAP) Don't call me witch boy. My name John.

CONJUR MAN

John er witch don't make no never mind. You left yer eagle on Old Baldy?  
(XR TO ROCK AND SIT)

JOHN

I walked here. (XD, STRUTTING) I kin walk like anybody.

CONJUR MAN

Like anybody not a witch, I reckon's what you mean. (BEGIN SLOW XL)

JOHN

Like anybody, witch er no witch.

CONJUR MAN

Yer eagle must be lonesome up on Old Baldy--alone on Old Baldy. Hit  
dark, and hit black.

JOHN

He kin git along without me. He'll have to larn to anyway.

CONJUR MAN

And kin you larn hit too, witch boy, larn to git along without eagles  
and sech? Hit mighty hard a-walkin, walkin' all the time, with no way  
to fly.

JOHN

But hit don't differ, (XR ONTO ROCK, INDICATE VALLEY BELOW) Conjur Man,  
not to them hit don't. Not to them what's never flied.

CONJUR MAN

But you ain't like them, witch boy. You ain't like the valley people.

JOHN

Thar ain't so much difference atween us.

CONJUR MAN

Thar more difference than you know. They got souls and go to heaven. They gits born, and live and die.

JOHN

I was born too, Conjur Man, and I'm gonna die.

CONJUR MAN

(XR TO U OF ROCK) No, you ain't gonna die, witch boy. You jes' like all the other witches. You git jes' three hundred years, and then you nothin' but mountain fog.

JOHN

(XL TO C, RAPIDLY) I ain't like other witches. I done lots a things that's human.

CONJUR MAN

What things, witch boy?

JOHN

Things like--(SWING BODY TO FACE L; AUTOHARP STRIKES CHORD)--lovin'.

CONJUR MAN

But your pappy was a buzzard, (ZAP) and yer maw was a witch. (ZAP)

JOHN

Hit don't make no never mind. You could change me, Conjur Man. You say yerself you could change me like them others, like them others in the valley, them with souls that go to heaven.

CONJUR MAN

But what fer you want to, witch boy? You don't know the thing you ast. Hit ain't easy bein' human. Hit jes' workin' all the time, workin' in the field with a mule and a plow.



JOHN

I know what hit like. I seen 'em. (X TO C AND KNEEL AT FRONT EDGE OF MOUNTAIN) Workin' ain't so hard. And thar's dancin', and thar's guitars, and thar's singin' in the church.

CONJUR MAN

What you doin' in the church, boy? You a witch, and that one place whar you ain't allowed.

JOHN

I jes' stood thar at the winder lookin' at the folks inside. Ain't no harm in standin' watchin'. 'Tain't no harm in that.

CONJUR MAN

You keep away from that thar church, boy. 'Tain't no place fer witches to hang around. Even if I made you human, that one place you couldn't never go.

JOHN

I could go thar if I wanted. I could go be sanctified.

CONJUR MAN

(SLOW X TO C) Witch boy, listen at me talkin'. Witches can't be changed completely. Thar's allus somethin' 'bout the witch they wunst was that's left inside 'em. That thar somethin' can't be changed. Hit lies sleepin' thar inside 'em, sleepin' and a-dreamin' a the days he was a witch, dreamin' a the nights he rode a-screamin' and a-cryin' 'gainst the blackness a the sky. And thar jes' one thing that wake him, and that the Lord Gawd Jesus. (See Figure 3) AUTOHARP. WITCH BOY RISES FROM PLATFORM L.

JOHN

I ain't skeerd a no Gawd Jesus. I ain't got no truck with him.

WITCH GIRL RISES FROM BEHIND ROCK

R. WITCHES LAUGH.

(RISE) What you doin' here?

DARK WITCH

Jes' watchin'.

JOHN

This ain't got nothin' to do with you. Listen at me, Conjur Man, if you do this thing I ast you, if you make me into jes' a plain man----

FAIR WITCH

You want to leave us, witch boy? You tired a the moonlight?



Figure 3



## CONJUR MAN

I done said no wunst and I say hit again. (XDL, SLOWLY) Now leave me be, and don't come messin' 'round here more. You a witch and a witch you'll stay.

## CONJUR WOMAN

(FROM OFF R) What that out thar, Conjur Man? Who that out thar with you makin' all that fuss?

## CONJUR MAN

Hit jes' John the witch boy.

## CONJUR WOMAN

(XU RAMP 3) What he want?

## DARK WITCH

He been astin' Conjur Man to change him.

## FAIR WITCH

He tired a bein' a witch.

## JOHN

I want to be human. I been astin' and a-astin', but he still say no.

## CONJUR WOMAN

You ain't ast me yit.

## CONJUR MAN

Old lady, I'm a-tellin' you. Don't start no truck with witches.

## CONJUR WOMAN

You ain't ast me, witch boy. (X TO C)

## JOHN

Would you do hit, Conjur Woman?

## CONJUR WOMAN

I might could be persuaded. I might could be persuaded, but hit mighty hard to do.

CONJUR MAN

Now ole lady---

CONJUR WOMAN

Hesh yer talkin'.

CONJUR MAN

Don't say I didn't warn you, witch boy. Bein' human ain't so easy as ridin' on the night. (EXIT DL)

THUNDER.

JOHN

You really mean hit, what you said about me bein' human? You warn't jes' sayin' things to edge me on?

CONJUR WOMAN

Witch boy, tell me somethin'. Have you ever been in love?

FAIR WITCH

I reckon he has, Conjur Woman. (BOTH WITCHES LAUGH)

CONJUR WOMAN

I don't mean in love with witches. No, I mean with someone human.

JOHN

Human. Yeah, (XL TO DARK WITCH) she's human.

CONJUR WOMAN

So that the real reason. Hit's hard to go a-courtin' a gal when you a witch.

JOHN

That ain't the only reason, but I reckon hit the main one.

CONJUR WOMAN

And what the gal's name, witch boy John?

JOHN

Her name Barbara. Barbara Allen. Blue-eyed Barbara Allen with the copper hair.

## CONJUR WOMAN

She's jes' the gal fer you to be a-courtin'!

## JOHN

But I love her, Conjur Woman. The first time I seed her she were climbin' up the mounting--up Hangin' Dawg Mounting--and the sun were in her hair. I were on my eagle, and I sailed low fer to see her. (PLAY REST OF SPEECH U TO DARK WITCH) She look up kinda skeerd like, but then she smiled and waved. I knowed I hadn't oughter, that witchin' is fer night time, but she the purtiest gal I reckon that thar is.

## FAIR WITCH

She ain't purty. Hit jes' you that think so.

## CONJUR WOMAN

That right. She ain't purty.

## JOHN

She purty all right. I 'low I should know. I kissed her. (WITCHES AND CONJUR WOMAN LAUGH. CONJUR WOMAN'S LAUGH CARRIES HER TO THE FLOOR)

## CONJUR WOMAN

A witch boy kissin' a gal what's human. (RISE) And that warn't the only thing you done.

## JOHN

I reckon not. Not a ward we said atween us, but hit warn't no time fer talkin'. (XR TO FAIR WITCH, RUN FINGERS THROUGH HER HAIR) The sun were in her hair. Her hair was golden and a-shinin' as hit twisted through my fingers, but hit were black against the starlight afore I let her go.

## FAIR WITCH

You'll be sorry, witch boy. (EXIT UR, FURIOUS. JOHN LIES ON ROCK LAUGHING)

## CONJUR WOMAN

(XR TO ROCK) Witch boy, I know more 'bout this than you'll ever know.

## JOHN

What you know that I don't?

CONJUR WOMAN

I know that Barbara Allen's gonna birth yer child.  
THUNDER.

JOHN

(SIT UP) What you mean.

CONJUR WOMAN

Barbara Allen's gonna birth yer child.

JOHN

(RISE, X TO HER) Then you gotta make me human. I'll do anything you ast me.

CONJUR WOMAN

What about them two? They might make trouble.

JOHN

Hit don't differ with me.

CONJUR WOMAN

(X TO C) I think you need some larnin', witch boy, you need to larn a lesson. So I'll give you yer wish. But you got to promise somethin'.

JOHN

(XL TO HER) Anythin' you ast me.

CONJUR WOMAN

You got to make Barbara Allen yer wife.

THUNDER.

JOHN

Is that all I gotta promise?

CONJUR WOMAN

That all.

JOHN

Jes' that I'll get married to Barbara?

## CONJUR WOMAN

That all you got to promise and you git the thing you wants.

JOHN

(LEAP ONTO ROCK R) Then I'll be a human. No more ridin' with my eagle, black against the moonlight, a streak against the sky. No more diggin' in the graveyard, no more yellin' in the night and a-screamin' with a long high cry that splashes 'gainst the stars!

CONJUR WOMAN

You won't miss doin' that, will you, witch boy?

JOHN

I reckon not, Conjur Woman.

CONJUR WOMAN

But yer eagle, he'll still be thar waitin' fer you--waitin' and a-longin' fer the night when you come back. You'll miss the moonlight. As long as you're a human you'll never see the moon. You'll git so sick and tired of earth. (XR TO ROCK; SIT BELOW IT)

JOHN

That time'll never come. I kin live without a moon.

CONJUR WOMAN

(RISE, XL) Perhaps and then perhaps not. We'll see.

JOHN

(KNEEL ON ROCK) But you'll change me fer allus, won't you? Wunst you're a human thar ain't no turnin' back.

CONJUR WOMAN

That depend on Barbara Allen.

JOHN

What you meanin' by that, Conjur Woman?



## CONJUR WOMAN

I mean she gotta be true to you, boy, faithful fer a year. Wunst you're married, wunst you're her husband, if that gal go off with another man, you'll find yer eagle flyin' down from Baldy, flyin' with the moonlight, fer you'll be a witch again!

## JOHN

She shore a purty gal--Barbara.

## CONJUR WOMAN

Are you ready, witch boy, ready fer the changin'?

## JOHN

I reckon, Conjur Woman.

## CONJUR WOMAN

Hit ain't easy changin' witches. Hit the hardest thing I know. (SL)  
Hit takes spider webs and graveyard dirt, (STOP, TURN R) and a ring  
from the finger of a cold, dead hand.

## JOHN

(RISE INTO SPREAD-EAGLE MOTIF ON ROCK) I kin git 'em, Conjur Woman.  
I know whar I kin find 'em. I'll git 'em and you'll change me, and I'll  
be a witch no more!

JOHN KNEEL ON ROCK; CONJUR WOMAN

REPEAT MOVE AT L.

LIGHTNING; BLACKOUT; THUNDER.

JOHN EXIT TO BEHIND ROCK, CONJUR

WOMAN EXIT UL IN BLACKOUT.

## SCENE II

DANCERS TAKE PLACES ON PLATFORM  
CENTER. (See Figure 4)

## FLOYD

THAR-R-R-R

LIGHTS UP.

FIRST TWO COUPLES SWING OFF PLATFORM,

POLKA TO C, POLKA US INTO

POSITIONS. (See Figure 4)

GIRLS SPLIT AND MEN LIFT THEM.

AIN'T NO GAL LIKE A MOUNTAIN GAL,  
AT NIGHT SHE'S YORE HONEY AND BY DAY YORE PAL,

LAST TWO COUPLES SWING OFF PLATFORM  
AND POLKA INTO POSITIONS. (See  
Figure 4)

DO ALL YER WORK IF YOU SING THE RIGHT TUNE,  
AND DANCE YORE FEET OFF BY THE LIGHT A THE MOON.

GROUP

FOUR COUPLES POLKA CLOCKWISE INTO  
NEXT CORNER OF SQUARE DURING  
CHORUSES.

EDNA ENTER R.

SMOKY MOUNTAIN GAL WON'T DO ME NO HARM,  
I LOVE HER AND TRUST HER AS FUR AS THE BARN.

SMELICUE

AT CENTER OF PLATFORM.

ATKINS CLOGS TO CENTER OF STAGE AND  
BACK TO HIS CORNER.

A MOUNTAIN GAL IS JES' LIKE THE BREEZE--  
SHE'S FAST IN THE VALLEY, BUT CAUGHT WHAT THAR' TREES.  
SPEND ALL YER MONEY TILL YOU LOSE YER MIND.  
TELL YOU THAT SHE LOVE YOU AND LEAVE YOU BEHIND.

GROUP

COUPLES POLKA CLOCKWISE TO NEXT  
CORNER OF SQUARE.

HATTIE ENTER DR.

SMOKY MOUNTAIN GAL WON'T DO ME NO HARM.  
I LOVE HER AND TRUST HER AS FUR AS THE BARN.

EDNA

X TO C, PANTOMIME MILKING COW.

I GOT ME A CABIN, I GOT ME A COW,  
AIN'T NEVER BEEN MARRIED, BUT I KNOW HOW.

SMELICUE

XD TO EDNA'S L, BOTH XU AT END  
OF VERSE.

LITTLE MOUNTAIN GAL, WON'T YOU COME OUT WITH ME,  
THAR'S A SIDE A MYSELF THAT I WANT YOU TO SEE.

GROUP

COUPLES POLKA ACROSS EACH OTHER  
TO ORIGINAL PLACES.

SMOKY MOUNTAIN GAL WON'T DO ME NO HARM.  
I LOVE HER AND TRUST HER AS FUR AS THE BARN.

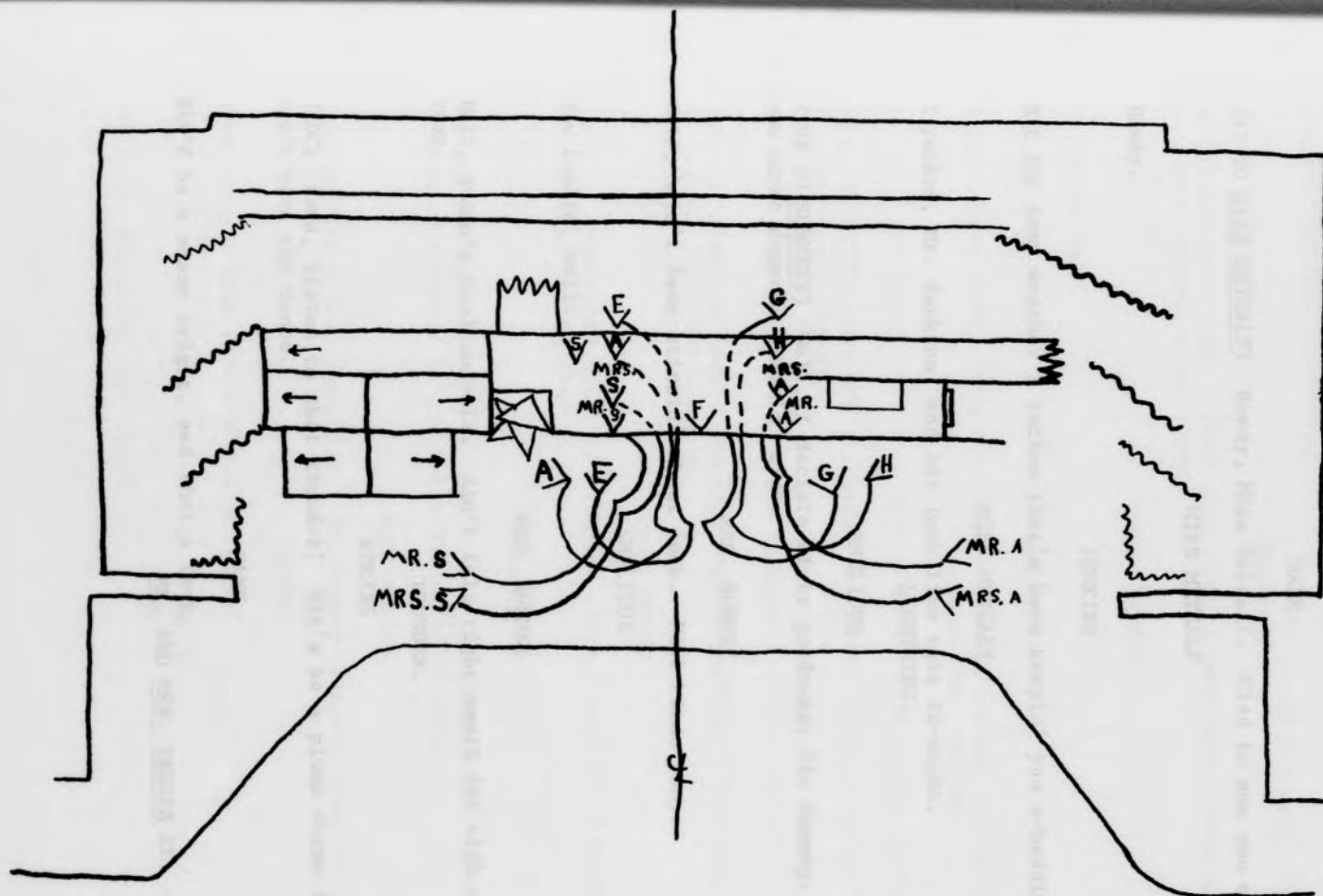


Figure 4

DARK OF THE MOON
$\frac{1}{8}'' = 1'$
BARRY DUDLEY

LAUGHTER.

MISS METCALF ENTER UL UNDER  
MOUNTAIN.

HANK

(XU TO MISS METCALF) Howdy, Miss Metcalf. Glad to see you out.

MISS METCALF

Howdy.

JENKINS

Hit the damp weather I reckon that's been keepin' you a-beddin' hit.

MISS METCALF

I reckon, Mr. Jenkins, and hit look like rain to-night.

LIGHTNING.

SMELICUE

(XDR TO SUMMEYS) Well, I declare afore goodness, Miz Summey. Hain't seed you sinst dogwood bloomin' time.

MRS. SUMMEY

Well, hain't been stirrin' about much. Feel kinda puny.

SMELICUE

You lookin' well.

MRS. SUMMEY

Well, I don't feel so well. Ain't felt right smart fer nigh on two year.

THUNDER.

ATKINS

(XDC) Gawd, listen to that thunder! Hit's be a plumb shame iffen we can't have the dance.

HANK

Hit'd be a shame aright, and that a fact.

MR. AND MRS. BERGEN XL.

MRS. BERGEN

Howdy, Uncle Smellicue. You lookin' spry. Heerd tell as how you was tuckered up with rheumatism.

SMELICUE

My rheumatism's kinda calmed down sinst I been totin' them horse chestnuts around in my pocket.

MRS. BERGEN

Is that a fact?

SMELICUE

A fact afore Gawd. Hope this here storm don't start hit up again.

LIGHTNING, THUNDER.

EDNA

(XDC TO ATKINS) Hit ain't a goin' to storm. I kin tell hit by the sky. That jes' heat lightnin'.

ATKINS

But heat lightnin' don't thunder. Don't thunder, I tell you. Hit ain't no natural night fer a dance.

MRS. BERGEN

(X TO C) You right thar, Mr. Atkins. Like I said to my husband, hit more like a night for witches to fly.

MR. BERGEN

(XL TAKING MRS. BERGEN WITH HIM) Don't you go startin' on that, Gabby Bergen. That ain't no way fer a Christian to talk.

MRS. BERGEN

That the way I feel about hit. Why Greeny Gorman! Whar you been?

GREENY

Been over to Coon Holler for a fortnight.

MR. BERGEN

How's the young uns over thar?

MR. SUMMEY

How are you, Uncle Smellicue? Heerd yer cousin Emmer married a right well-to-do man.

MARVIN CHASES BARBARA OVER RAMP  
1 TO DR.

SMELICUE

Mebbe so; but she still milkin' cows and totin' manure to the field.

MARVIN

(CATCHES BARBARA BY HER LEFT ARM, DR) You shore is purty tonight, Miss Barbara. You shore is purty in that dress.

GROUP SR COUNTERS U.

BARBARA

I'm glad you like hit, Marvin Hudgens. Hit were a gift from a friend I know.

MARVIN

(ANGRILY) You ain't tuck no clothes off that Rome Agar?

BARBARA

I might could be.

MARVIN

Don't you be lettin' that man mess with you.

BARBARA

But Rome Agar is a friend of mine. (XL OF MARVIN, TOSSES SCARF AROUND HIS NECK AND PULLS HIM CENTER) 'Sides, I didn't say hit were him, did I?

FLOYD

Hit nigh ready for the dancin'.

MISS METCALF

Hit a plumb shame thar ain't more folks.

JENKINS

I reckon hit the storm that's keepin' 'em off.



MISS METCALF

I reckon.

MR. SUMMEY

Let's have a song afore we start.

GROUP

Yes, let's have a song. Let's have a song from Barbara Allen. A song, Barbara. Sing us a song.

MISS METCALF

(XC TO BARBARA) Sing us your song, the one about Barbara and the witch boy.

BARBARA

But that's a sad song. I allus like the gay ones best.

JENKINS

But hit a purty song, Barbara Allen. I reckon hit about as purty a song as I know.

MISS METCALF

Hit allus makes me want to cry.

BARBARA

Well, hit don't me. Any gal what can't take care of herself has hit comin' to her, I say.

EDNA

(XDC) I reckon you have, Barbara Allen.

BARBARA

But I kin take care of myself, Edna Summey. I kin take care a myself right fine.

EDNA

But you ain't got a husband, a man fer to marry you. You ain't got no feller to make you he bride.

MRS. SUMMEY

(XD TO EDNA'S L) Hesh yer mouth, Edna Summey.

EDNA

But Maw, hit the truth.

MRS. SUMMEY

I'm a-talkin'. You ain't got no cause fer to say things like that.

EDNA

(PETULANT) Aw, lemme alone.

MRS. SUMMEY

Barbara git married when she a-ready.

EDNA

But hit better be soon, Maw. Hit better be soon.

BARBARA LUNGES PAST MARVIN AT EDNA.

MARVIN CATCHES AND HOLDS HER.

BURT

Floyd Allen, you gonna let that gal talk about yore sister like that?

FLOYD

I can't hep hit if what she say is true.

BARBARA LUNGES L FOR FLOYD. MARVIN

XL TO CATCH HER.

EDNA

She better git married quick.

BARBARA

(XR TO EDNA) I'll git married when I got a mind to. I kin name me the man, the time, and the place. (TOSS SCARF IN EDNA'S FACE) You kin come to the weddin'.

EDNA

Well, I reckon I ain't got that long fer to live. You kin pleasure yerself every night if you want to, pleasure yerself on a sweet potato bank, (FACE BARBARA) but that ain't no sign that the man's fer to marry you.

HANK XD AND PUT ARMS AROUND EDNA'S  
SHOULDERS; MR. SUMMEY X IN AND  
PULL HANK AWAY.

BARBARA

I reckon hit might could be, Edna Summey.

EDNA

Well, hit better be quick afore you're disgraced. Afore you're disgraced  
by beddin' a bastard.

BARBARA JUMPS ON EDNA, FORCING HER  
TO THE GROUND. MARVIN PICKS  
BARBARA UP AROUND HER WAIST,  
CARRIES HER L. MR. SUMMEY PULLS  
EDNA UP. MRS. SUMMEY XC AND  
SLAPS HER BOTTOM.

MRS. SUMMEY

Shet yer face, Edna Summey.

EDNA

Maw! That hurt!

MRS. SUMMEY

That's jes' a start of what you'll git if you don't mind yer tongue.

EDNA

But Maw, hit the truth. Why, everybody know the truth about Barbara Allen.

MRS. SUMMEY

(THREE SUMMEYS XU ONTO PLATFORM) This here a dance you at, Edna Summey,  
so you mind yer manners when you talk.

BARBARA, ANGRY, XR AND START OFF  
RAMP 1.

MISS METCALF

Ain't you gonna sing us the song, Barbara?

GROUP

Yes, sing us the song.

## SMELICUE

You sing fer us and I'll dance at yer weddin' in the hog trough.

## EDNA

(XDR. MRS. SUMMEY FOLLOW AND BRING HER BACK TO PLATFORM) She can't sing nohow, can't sing fer sour apples.

## BARBARA

Is that so? Well, I guess I kin. (XL OFF RAMP 1)

AUTOHARP. JOHN RISES BEHIND ROCK  
ON MOUNTAIN. LIGHTS UP ON ROCK.

A WITCH BOY FROM THE MOUNTAIN CAME,  
A-PININ' TO BE HUMAN, (X TO L OF EDNA)  
FER HE HAD SEEN THE FAIREST GAL--  
(FACE R)  
A GAL NAMED BARBARA ALLEN.

(XL TO JENKINS)  
O CONJUR MAN, O CONJUR MAN, JENKINS REMOVES HIS HAT.  
PLEASE DO THIS THING I'M WANTIN'--  
PLEASE CHANGE ME TO A HUMAN MAN,  
(TAKE HIS HAT)  
FER BARBARA (PUT HIS HAT ON HIS HEAD) I'D BE COURTIN'.

(TURN D) NOW BARBARA HAD A RED, RED DRESS.  
AND ONE SHE HAD OF BLUE, (SPREAD SKIRT)  
AND MANY MEN DID BARBARA LOVE,  
(XD OF MARVIN) MARVIN COUNTERS C.  
(PAUSE, FACE MARVIN) MARVIN COUNTERS L.  
BUT NEVER WAS SHE TRUE.

OH, YOU CAN BE A MAN, A MAN  
(BACKING TO C)  
IF BARBARA WILL NOT GRIEVE YOU,  
IF SHE BE FAITHFUL FER A YEAR,  
YER EAGLE, HE WILL LEAVE YOU.

JOHN XDR. MRS. BERGEN AND MARVIN SEE  
HIM.

(HALTING)  
O BARBARA, WILL YOU MARRY ME,  
AND WILL YOU LEAVE ME NEVER?

SILENCE. (See Figure 5)  
SEVERAL IN CROWD SEE JOHN.

## MR. SUMMEY

What the matter, Barbara Allen?

BARBARA

Nothin'.

MR. BERGEN

Go on, sing it, Barbara.

BARBARA

I don't wanta.

SMELICUE

Hit bad luck not to finish a song.

ALL HAVE SEEN JOHN, EXCEPT BARBARA.

BARBARA

I fergit hit. I can't remember the endin'. (TURN R AND WALK TO JOHN)  
Let's dance.

JENKINS

Yes, let's start the dancin', everybody. (XDC; MUSIC STARTS)

GROUP

Yes, let's begin. (START TO DANCE)

SMELICUE

Git yore partners, everybody. All jine hands and here we go! (XU TO PLATFORM)

MARVIN XR TO BEHIND BARBARA. MUSIC  
FADES OUT.

JOHN

Kin I be yore partner?

MARVIN

Barbara Allen's dancin' with me. (PULLS BARBARA L)

JOHN

Kin I be yore partner, Barbara Allen? (STEPS DS IN LINE WITH HER)

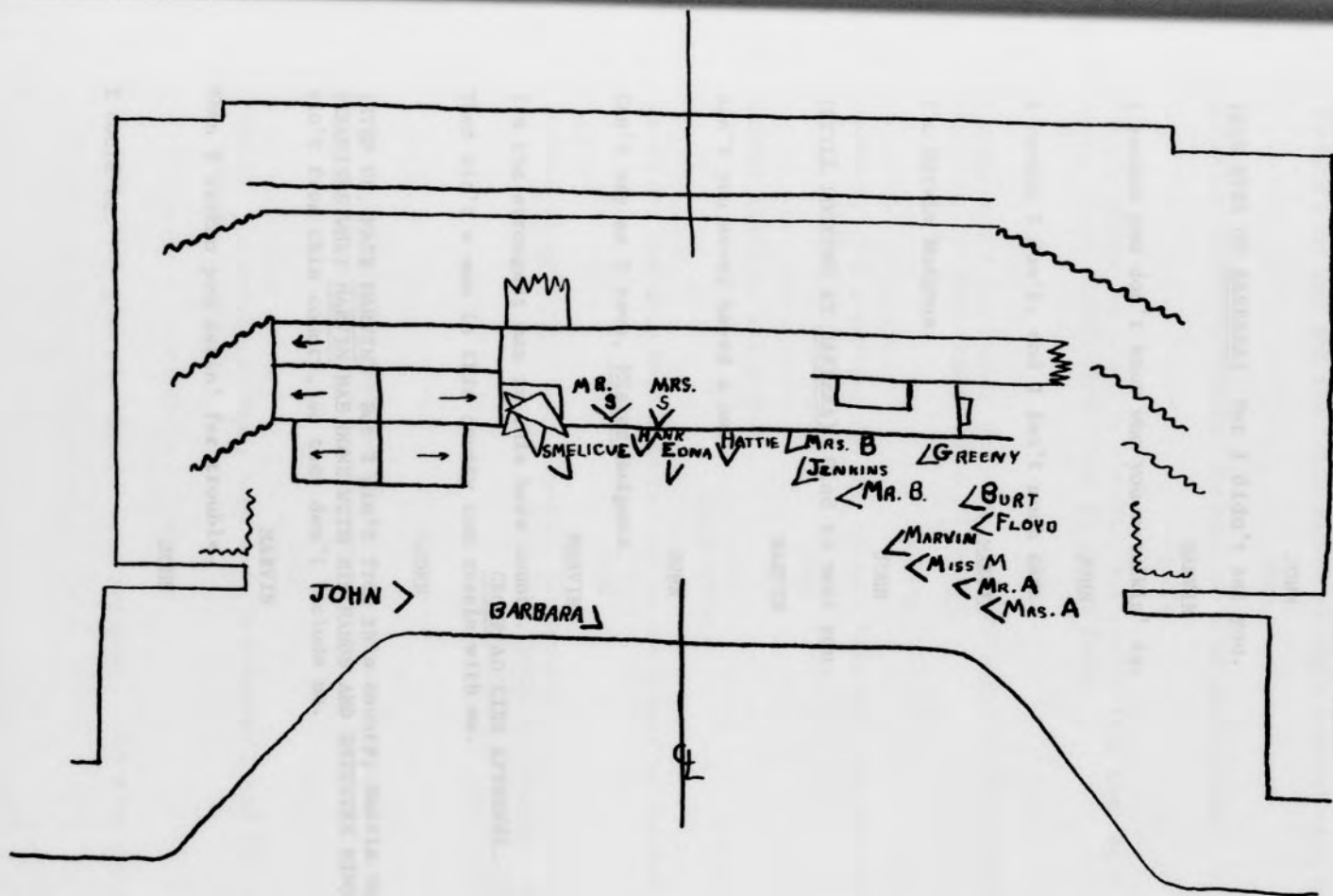


Figure 5

DARK OF THE MOON
$\frac{1}{8}'' = 1'$
BARRY DUDLEY



MARVIN

(PUTS HANDS IN HIP POCKETS) You heerd what I said.

JOHN

(HIS EYES ON BARBARA) But I didn't ast you.

MARVIN

I reckon you don't know who you a-talkin' to.

JOHN

I reckon I don't, and I don't much care.

MARVIN

I'm Marvin Hudgens.

JOHN

(STILL LOOKING AT BARBARA) Glad to meet you.

MARVIN

Ain't you never heerd a me?

JOHN

Can't say as I have, Mister Hudgens.

MARVIN

I'm the strongest man in this here county.

GROUP AD LIBS APPROVAL.

Thar ain't a man in this county can rassle with me.

JOHN

(STEP US, FACE MARVIN) But I ain't from this county, Marvin Hudgens.  
(EXAMINES WHAT MARVIN HAS DONE WITH HIS HANDS AND IMITATES HIM) I  
ain't from this county, so that don't include me.

MARVIN

Then I reckon you astin' fer trouble.

JOHN

I could be.

MARVIN

Well, you come to the right place to find hit. I'm a-tellin' you, Barbara's my gal and she (JABS FINGER AT JOHN) dancin' with me.

JOHN

(EXAMINES MARVIN'S FINGER) Barbara ain't no gal a yourn.

MARVIN

I ain't aimin' to start no trouble, but you'll take that back afore you done. (JABS FINGER REPEATEDLY IN JOHN'S FACE)

JOHN

I might could be, Marvin Hudgens. (RAISES HAND) I might could be, and I might not. (JABS FINGER TWICE AT MARVIN)

MARVIN

(FURIOUS) I'm a-waitin' fer you to take back what you said about Barbara!

JOHN

Barbara ain't no gal a yourn.

MISS METCALF

(XR TO C) Now this here a dance, and we don't want no trouble.

JOHN

(XL TO MISS METCALF) I ain't astin' fer trouble.

HANK, EDNA, MR. BERGEN, HATTIE PULL  
MISS METCALF OUT OF JOHN'S WAY.  
BARBARA FOLLOWS JOHN TO C.

MARVIN

(X TO C) Well, this here one dance whar you ain't wanted, so (STARTS TO JAB FINGER AT JOHN BUT CATCHES HIMSELF) git on out and leave us be.

JOHN

(TURN R) I'm a-stayin' right here and I'm a-dancin', and I'm a-dancin' with Barbara Allen.

MARVIN

(FURIOUS) I'll give you three to git you gone. I'll give you three and

then I'll whop you--whop you so hard you'll think the lightnin' struck you.

JOHN LOOKS TO SKY; LIGHTNING; JOHN SMILES.

JOHN

I'm a-waitin' fer you, Marvin Hudgens. (PUTS BARBARA US)

MARVIN

ONE!

MR. SUMMEY

You think he'll stay.

GROUP CLOSSES IN ON FIGHTERS.

MISS METCALF

He look a powerful man.

MR. SUMMEY

But he don't know Marvin.

JOHN

I'm a-waitin'.

MARVIN

TWO!

MRS. BERGEN

This here are better'n the county fair.

MISS METCALF

But I feel right sorry for the stranger.

BARBARA

He kin take care a hisself, I reckon.

JOHN

Much obliged. I reckon as how I kin.

MARVIN

Well, are you goin', or is it trouble you're wantin'?

JOHN

You ain't fergot what come after two?

MARVIN

You black-bellied mule mouth, I'll manage you proper. Gimme room, boys,

GROUP FALLS BACK.

(BACKS UP AND STAMPS LIKE A BULL READY TO CHARGE)  
the number is three!

MARVIN RUSHES AT JOHN, ARMS OUT-  
STRECHED. JOHN RAISES ONE ARM  
AND THERE IS A FLASH OF LIGHTNING.  
MARVIN FALLS TO THE FLOOR.  
GROUP IS SILENT.

HANK

Why, he didn't hardly tetch him!

BURT

(X IN TO MARVIN) Git up thar, Marvin. Git up and show him who you are.

MR. BERGEN

What the matter, Marvin Hudgens?

EDNA

Stranger jes' too stout, I reckon.

MISS METCALF

Why, he didn't whop him at all!

JOHN

I'm a-waitin' fer you, Margin Hudgens. I'm a-waitin' fer yer promise.

MARVIN

(RISES) You don't rassle fair.

JOHN

I rassle my way, (JABS FINGER AT MARVIN) you kin rassle yours.

MARVIN STARTS TO EXIT R.

BURT

You ain't gonna let him take yer gal, are you, Marvin? Why don't you pop him one in the haid?

MARVIN

I'm gittin' out a here.

BURT

But the dance ain't started yit.

MARVIN

I ain't figgerin' on dancin'. (EXITS R)

JOHN AND BARBARA XDR WHERE HE STROKES  
HER HAIR.

MR. BERGEN

(XL WATCHING JOHN AND BARBARA DR) Don't know as we can have the dance or not.

MISS METCALF

(XR WATCHING THE SKY) No need to start dancin' if hit goin' to rain right off.

MR. BERGEN

It has got real dark. (BUMPS INTO MISS METCALF AND BOTH XL) Thar a storm a-comin' shore.

EDNA

(DC) The clouds is mean and black-like. This ain't no night fer dancin'.

JENKINS

(XD TO EDNA'S R) Hit jes' like the night Agnes Riddle were kilt.

HANK

(XD TO EDNA'S L) Hit the Gawd's truth, Mr. Jenkins. Hit were plumb like this. The clouds was low on the mounting, and a hoot owl was a-screechin'.

MRS. BERGEN

Hit shore are a night fer witches to fly.

MISS METCALF

(XR) Don't talk about hit. Hit make me feel quare.

JENKINS

Let's start the dancin'.

GROUP

Yes, let's begin, etc.

SMELICUE AT CENTER OF PLATFORM, REST  
OF GROUP AND JOHN AND BARBARA  
FORM TWO SETS FOR SQUARE DANCE.  
(See Figure 6)

AFTER THIRTY-TWO BARS OF MUSIC,  
THUNDER FROM THUNDER SHEET AND  
SOUND SYSTEM, LIGHTNING.

MISS METCALF

Hit startin' to rain! (EXIT UC THROUGH STORE)

FLOYD AND MRS. ALLEN EXIT DL.

ATKINS

I knowed that warn't jes' heat lightnin'. (EXIT R)

HATTIE AND GREENIE EXIT UR, BURT AND  
AND SMELICUE EXIT UL, MR. ALLEN  
EXIT DL.

MR. BERGEN

Hit too bad to spile the dancin'. Maybe hit'll stop in a little while.  
(EXIT R)

MRS. SUMMEY

Hit in fer a storm.

MR. SUMMEY

Come on, Maw. Let's git into the store. Edna, hurry up. (MR. AND MRS.  
SUMMEY EXIT UC THROUGH STORE, FOLLOWED BY EDNA AND HANK)

LIGHTS FADE EXCEPT AT CENTER, JOHN  
AND BARBARA DANCE AT CENTER. SHE  
IS IN HIS ARMS.

BARBARA

(DROPPING HER FEET TO THE GROUND) Why is all the others goin'?



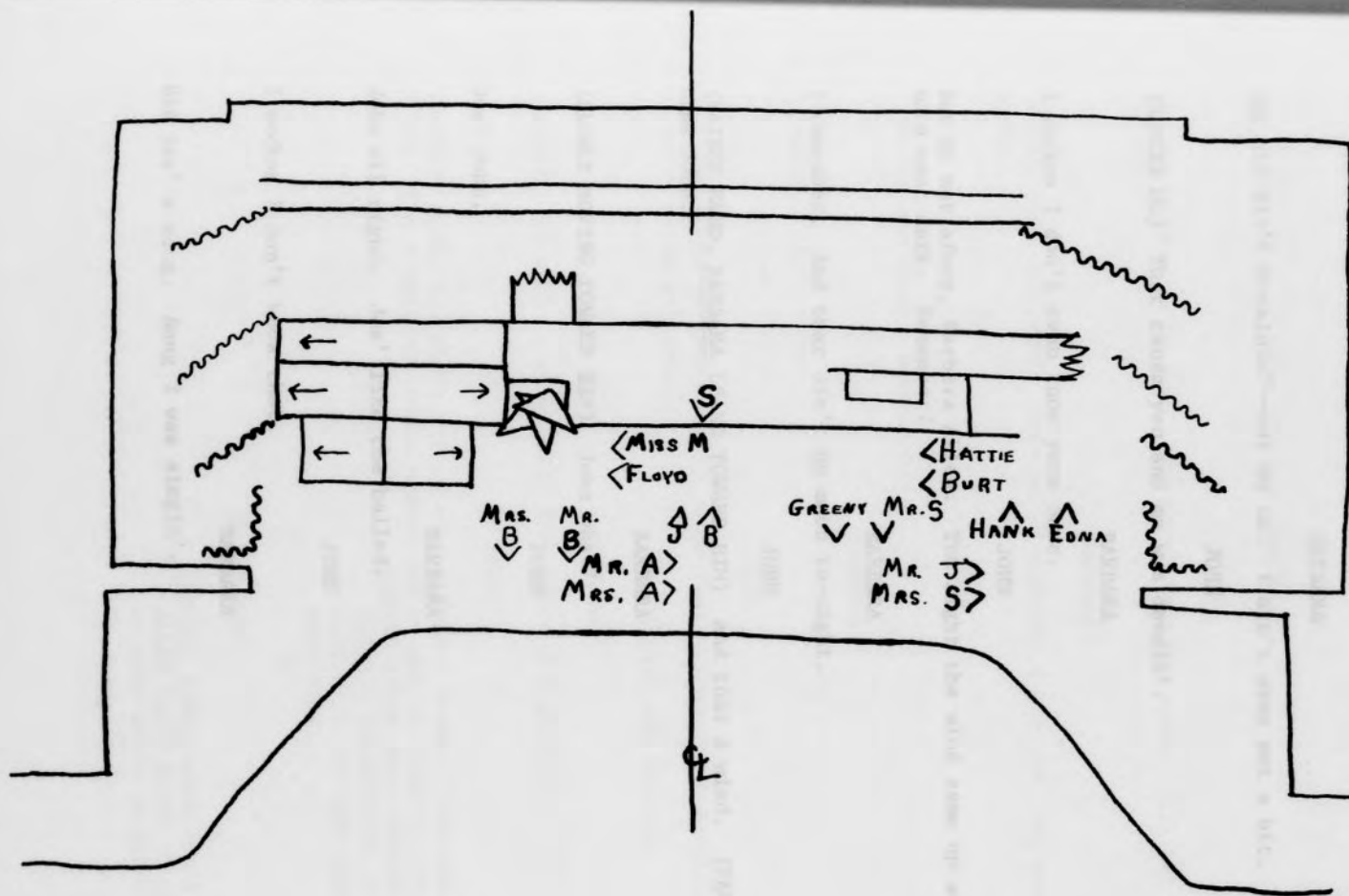


Figure 6

DARK OF THE MOON
$\frac{1}{8}'' = 1'$
BARRY DUDLEY

JOHN

I reckon they think hit a-rainin'.

BARBARA

But hit ain't a-rainin'--not on us. I ain't even wet a bit.

JOHN

(DANCES DL) That cause you and me was dancin'.

BARBARA

I reckon I don't even know yore name.

JOHN

But we met afore, Barbara Allen. The night the wind came up and the moon went dark. Remember?

BARBARA

I remember. And thar ain't no moon to-night.

JOHN

(RAISES HAND, BARBARA LEANS TOWARD HIM) And thar a wind. (PAUSE) My name John.

BARBARA

(SLOWLY MOVING TOWARD HIM) John what?

JOHN

Jes' John.

BARBARA

John all right. Jes' like the ballad.

JOHN

I reckon I don't know that.

BARBARA

Hit jes' a song. Song I was singin'.

JOHN

(STOPPING HER BY EXTENDING HIS HAND) But you stopped.

BARBARA

Hit a sad song. I like the gay ones best.

JOHN

Hit don't have to be sad. You never know the endin' till hit sung plumb through.

BARBARA

(MOVING INTO HIS ARMS) Then we'll make hit a gay one, and sing our own endin'.

JOHN

I reckon you crazy, Barbara Allen.

BARBARA

I reckon. Let's dance.

JOHN

(AS THEY BEGIN TO SPIN) We'll dance faster than the lightnin', faster than the storm a-blowin'.

LIGHTNING AND THUNDER.

BARBARA

(CLINGING TO HIM) I'm skeerd! I'm skeerd a lightnin'.

JOHN

(HOLDING HER) You ain't got no need a fear. Cause I love you, Barbara Allen. I'm a man, and you a woman, and we got at least a year.

LIGHTS BLACK OUT, LEAVING JOHN AND  
BARBARA SILHOUETTED AT CENTER.  
THEY KISS AND EXIT SLOWLY OVER  
RAMP RIGHT.

### SCENE III

GENERAL STORE WAGON ROLLS OFF UR.  
ALLEN CABIN WAGON ROLLS ON FROM  
DR WITH FLOYD ON FRONT EDGE.  
(See Figure 7)

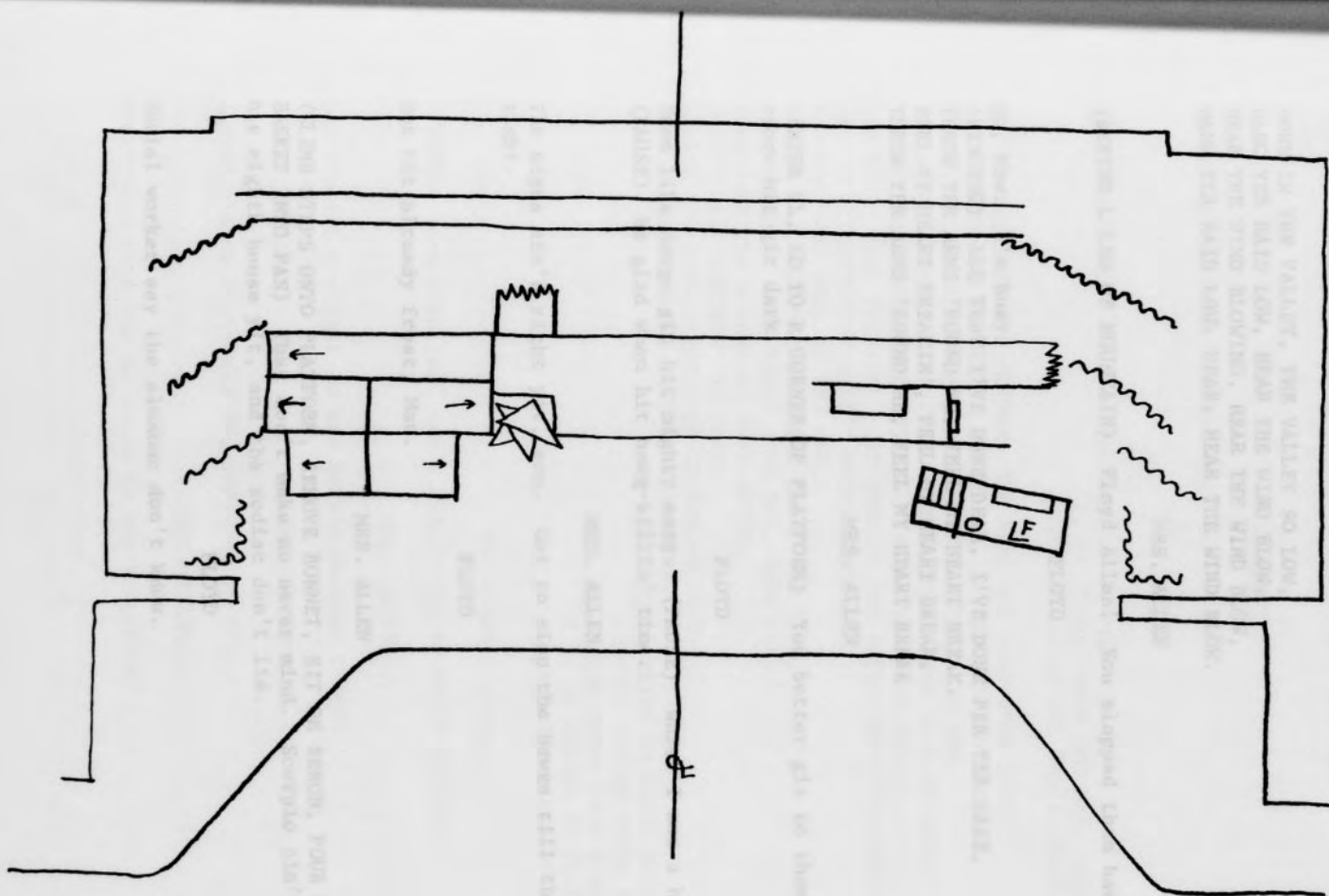


Figure 7 THE UP ON FIRST GRID.

DARK OF THE MOON
$\frac{1}{8}'' = 1'$
BARRY DUDLEY

LIGHTS UP ON FIRST CHORD.

FLOYD

DOWN IN THE VALLEY, THE VALLEY SO LOW,  
HANG YER HAID LOW, HEAR THE WIND BLOW.  
HEAR THE WIND BLOWING, HEAR THE WIND BLOW,  
HANG YER HAID LOW, DEAR, HEAR THE WIND BLOW.

MRS. ALLEN

(BEHIND L LEG OF MOUNTAIN) Floyd Allen! You slopped them hawgs yit?

FLOYD

No, Maw. I'm busy.  
(SINGING) ALL THAT I'VE DONE DEAR, I'VE DONE FER YER SAKE,  
THROW YER ARMS 'ROUND ME, FEEL MY HEART BREAK.  
FEEL MY HEART BREAKIN', FEEL MY HEART BREAK,  
THROW YER ARMS 'ROUND ME, FEEL MY HEART BREAK

MRS. ALLEN

(ENTER UL, XD TO R CORNER OF PLATFORM) You better git to them hawgs, boy,  
afore hit git dark.

FLOYD

Seem like hawgs git hit mighty easy. (PAUSE) Whist I was a hawg.  
(PAUSE) Be glad when hit hawg-killin' time.

MRS. ALLEN

The signs ain't right yit, son. Got to slop the hawgs till the signs git  
right.

FLOYD

But hit already frost, Maw.

MRS. ALLEN

(CLIMB STEPS ONTO PLATFORM, REMOVE BONNET, SIT ON BENCH, POUR PEAS FROM  
BASKET INTO PAN) That don't make no never mind. Scorpio ain't outen  
his eighth house yit, and the zodiac don't lie.

FLOYD

Social worker say the almanac don't know.

MRS. ALLEN

Social worker say a heap aside her prayers. She edicated. Whar yer paw?

FLOYD

He out in the back house.

MRS. ALLEN

Tell him I wants to see him when he through.

FLOYD SINGS AND MRS. ALLEN JOINS  
IN AS SHE SNAPS BEANS.

A PURE GAL LEFT HER MOTHER, SHE WERE FAR AWAY FROM HOME,  
SHE WALKED THE STREETS A ASHEVILLE, SO COLD AND SO ALONE.  
A MAN HE COME UP TO HER, AND HE TUCK HER BY THE ARM,  
AND SAID, "NOW I'LL BE GOOD TO YOU AND SEE YOU HAVE NO HARM."  
HE TUCK HER DOWN A BACK STREET, INTO A HOUSE OF SIN,  
AND WUNST THAT PORE GAL WENT INSIDE, SHE NEVER CAME OUT AGIN.  
JES' A PITCHER FROM LIFE'S OTHER SIDE,  
SOMEBODY WHO FELL BY THE WAY,  
A LIFE HAS GONE OUT WITH THE TIDE, THE TIDE,  
THAT MIGHT OF BEEN HAPPY SOME DAY, SOME DAY.  
SOME PORE OLE MOTHER AT HOME ALONE,  
WAITIN' AND WATCHIN' IN VAIN,  
WAITIN' TO HEAR, FROM A LOVED ONE SO DEAR--  
JES' A PITCHER FROM LIFE'S OTHER SIDE.

FLOYD EXITS UR UNDER MOUNTAIN AFTER  
LEAVING GUITAR UNDER PLATFORM.

MR. ALLEN ENTER FROM R ABOVE PLATFORM,  
X TO DL CORNER OF PLATFORM, LEAN  
AGAINST IT, CLEAN GUN.

MR. ALLEN

(PAUSE) Seem like jes' can't git nobody to marry Barbara.

MRS. ALLEN

Did you git a chanst to see Marvin Hudgens today?

MR. ALLEN

I seed him up at Chunky Gal Gap.

MRS. ALLEN

Didn't you tell him he ought to marry Barbara?



MR. ALLEN

Shore. We argued some, and then he promised me a mule if I'd let him out of it.

MRS. ALLEN

He say he give you he good mule Sally?

MR. ALLEN

Yep. He figgered as how that ought to make things square.

MRS. ALLEN

But he wouldn't marry her?

MR. ALLEN

He figgered as how a mule ought to be worth about as much as a son-in-law.

MRS. ALLEN

Well, what about Rome Agar?

MR. ALLEN

I seed him at the general store in Buck Creek.

MRS. ALLEN

He ain't got no mule.

MR. ALLEN

No, but he give me eight dollar. That a lot of money.

MRS. ALLEN

Jes' seem like hit more trouble than hit worth to try to keep a reputation.

MR. ALLEN

If Barbara'd jes' make an effort to git herself a man.

MRS. ALLEN

How about Harmon Putnam? Did you git a chanst to see him?

MR. ALLEN

He gittin' married to the Bergen gal.

MRS. ALLEN

He ain't married yit.

MR. ALLEN

But he gonna be next Sunday, and her paw's a friend of mine.

MRS. ALLEN

All the more reason for him to hep us out.

MR. ALLEN

Then who'd marry Ella Bergen? She eight month gone already.

MRS. ALLEN

Hit seem like somethin' allus stand in the way. Yep, hit look like Barbara'll have to bed a bastard. Gawd know I told her

PREACHER HAGGLER ENTER UL BEHIND

SILHOUETTE ON TOP OF MOUNTAIN.

hit were bound to happen. You can't pleasure yerself ferever without gittin' caught.

HAGGLER XR ON MOUNTAIN AND DOWN RAMPS.

FLOYD

(ENTER UR BEHIND MOUNTAIN AND XDC) Preacher Hagglar comin' up the trail.

MRS. ALLEN

He ain't got no cause to be a-callin' on us.

MR. ALLEN

He a man a Gawd, Maw. He got his reasons.

FLOYD

(XL TO D END OF PLATFORM) I reckon he here fer to see about Barbara. Reckon he wants her to git sanctified.

MRS. ALLEN

She been washed in the blood a the heavenly Lamb.

MR. ALLEN

Seem like that ought to last her a spell.

HAGGLER

(XD RAMPS AND XL TO PLATFORM, R OF FLOYD) Howdy, Sister Allen.

MRS. ALLEN

Howdy, Preacher Haggler, howdy.

HAGGLER

Howdy, Brother Allen.

MR. ALLEN

Howdy, Preacher Haggler. Draw up a chair and set a spell.

HAGGLER

(CLIMB STEPS R OF PLATFORM) Don't mind as how I do.

MR. ALLEN

How about some corn?

HAGGLER

(SIT ON STOOL R END OF PLATFORM) Well, if you got it right handy.

MR. ALLEN

No trouble at all, no trouble at all. Son, get the preacher a nip of mountain dew. It fresh out'n the still a week come Wednesday. Best corn licker I made this year.

FLOYD PUTS GUITAR UNDER PLATFORM  
AND HANDS JUG UP TO HAGGLER, THEN  
SITS UNDER PLATFORM.

MRS. ALLEN

It sure is that. It sure is that.

HAGGLER

(WIPING HIS MOUTH) Brother Allen, I always say, there ain't a man in the church--not a man in the church--can make mountain dew as good as you.

MR. ALLEN

Comin' from you, Preacher, that mighty fine praise.

MRS. ALLEN

We couldn't get our last pastor to tetch a drop.

HAGGLER

He a foot-washin' Baptist, Sister Allen. He ain't seed the light in the right way yit. (DRINKS)

MRS. ALLEN

How come you ain't averse to taking a nip, Preacher?

HAGGLER

It in the Bible, Sister. Good book say wine maketh glad the heart.

MR. ALLEN

Preacher Justice kept a quoting the Scriptures too, but he come up with some of them other passages, like, "Look not upon the wine when it is red." He claimed that mean we ain't supposed to make no beverages.

HAGGLER

He was just showing his ignorance. If Jesus turned water into wine, what's wrong in our converting the corn we grow?

MR. ALLEN

How come we ain't figured that out afore, Ma?

MRS. ALLEN

Besides what we makin' ain't red.

HAGGLER

That the truth. Mountain dew is clear--almost white, with jest a tech of green. And the good Lord hissself knows that green is the color of charity.

MR. ALLEN

I reckon you're right about that.

HAGGLER

Brother Allen, (GIVES JUG TO FLOYD WHO HANDS IT TO MR. ALLEN) how about a little drop for you?

MR. ALLEN

I could be persuaded, Preacher. I could be persuaded. (TAKES JUG AND DRINKS)

MRS. ALLEN

It sure do my heart good to see a man enjoy his corn.

MR. ALLEN

(X UP ONTO PLATFORM BEHIND HAGGLER) Maw, how about you?

MRS. ALLEN

Well, just a little maybe, being it's so fine. (TAKES JUG AND DRINKS-- AND DRINKS)

HAGGLER

Take a long one, Sister. It make the talk flow easy.

FLOYD

Maw, can I have some too?

MRS. ALLEN

You too young, boy.

FLOYD

No, I ain't neither, Maw. I been drinking corn licker since I was ten.

HAGGLER

A drop now and then won't hurt the boy, I reckon. It the best thing there be for a-cleansing of the blood.

FLOYD

Can I, Maw?

MRS. ALLEN

Well, I reckon, bein's how the preacher don't make no never mind.

MR. ALLEN

(XDL ON PLATFORM WITH JUG AND HAND DOWN TO FLOYD) Don't git too much now, son.

MRS. ALLEN

That enough, son. You'll burn out your gut. (SHE BEGINS TO SING; FLOYD PICKS UP ON THE GUITAR)

SOME FOLKS LIKE TO DIP THEIR SNUFF,  
SOME FOLKS LIKE TO CHEW.  
ME, I GET THE GREATEST JOY  
BY DRINKING MOUNTAIN DEW.

FLOYD PUTS JUG OVER HIS HEAD ONTO  
THE PLATFORM AND BEGINS TO PLAY.  
MRS. ALLEN PICKS IT UP AND DRINKS  
DURING CHORUS.

WE'RE A-STILLIN', ALWAYS STILLIN'  
SINCE THE DAY WE FIRST WAS BORN.  
BEEN A-STILLIN', STILL A-STILLIN'  
THAT SMOKEY MOUNTAIN CORN.

MR. ALLEN

SOME FOLKS LIVE ON BUTTERMILK  
AND SOME CHOOSE WATER FIRST.  
BUT IF OUR CORN CROPS EVER FAIL,  
I KNOW I'LL DIE OF THIRST.

(TAKES JUG FROM MRS. ALLEN AND DRINKS)

CHORUS

FLOYD

SOME FOLKS WEAR LONG UNDERWEAR  
OR POKE THE FIRE THAT'S LOW.  
ME, I'LL TAKE A SWIG OF CORN  
AND LET THEM COLD WINDS BLOW.

CHORUS

HAGGLER

SOME FOLKS KNEEL IN PRAYER AT HOME,  
SOME GIT MOVED IN THE PEW, (TAKES JUG FROM MR. ALLEN)  
BUT THE LOUDEST CALL I EVER HEARD  
CAME FROM MOUNTAIN DEW. (DRINKS)

CHORUS

MR. ALLEN

How about another little drop, Preacher?



HAGGLER

I reckon as how I better not.

MR. ALLEN

Well, put the lick up, son, back on the shelf.

FLOYD REPLACES JUG UNDER PLATFORM.

MRS. ALLEN

Kin I git you somethin' to eat? Got some squirrel meat right here ole man shot this mornin'. Right smart luck with his varmit shootin' this year.

HAGGLER

Thank you, Sister Allen. I've had my supper. (STARTS WHITTLING)

MR. ALLEN

We et, too, jes' afore you come.

HAGGLER

Well, I'll tell you what I come fer. I'm a pastor, Sister Allen, and I looks after my flock.

MR. ALLEN

Hit the Gawd's truth, Lawd.

MRS. ALLEN

Thar ain't a better preacher in the whole Smoky Mountains, leastways not on Chunky Gal from Old Baldy to Buck Creek. Wunst you git started on fire and damnation, seem like hell itself jes' rise right outen the ground. Thar ain't a sinner in the valley kin sit and listen to you without gittin' the spirit and confessin' thar shame.

MR. ALLEN

I ain't fergot how you brung Miz Gudger to salvation last revival--how you yelled at her and hollered and pinter with the hand. The spirit done tuck holt so hard she (STAND) fell right into the floor. Miz Metcalf, she run up to hep her, but you yelled out at her, "The Lord done flang her thar, let her lay!" Hit were then she started talkin' in the unknown tongue. That were shore a great revival. (SITS)

HAGGLER

(PLEASED) Hit were that, Brother Allen, hit were that.

MRS. ALLEN

I tell you, when hit come to savin' sinners thar ain't nobody like you, Preacher.

MR. ALLEN

That's a natural fact o' Gawd.

HAGGLER

Whenever I hear of a sheep a mine that's strayed, I make off to bring hit right back to the Lord.

MRS. ALLEN

You ain't wrong thar, Preacher.

HAGGLER

Well, I couldn't hep but hear about the dance last Saturday. Edna Summey should have shame for the things she said.

MRS. ALLEN

But hit were the truth, Preacher Hagglar. She hadn't oughter said hit, but hit were the Gawd's truth.

FLOYD, UNDER THE PLATFORM, SITS  
UP AND PAYS CLOSE ATTENTION.

HAGGLER

I figgered how hit was, sinst everybody talkin'. And hit made me decide to lend a hepin' hand.

MRS. ALLEN

Hit mighty good a you, Preacher.

HAGGLER

Hit my duty and my pleasure. The thing I wants to do is git Barbara married.

FLOYD

You'll have a hard time a-doin' hit, I kin tell you that right now.

MRS. ALLEN

Floyd, this ain't none a yer affair, so git into the house.

FLOYD

(COMING OUT FROM UNDER PLATFORM) But, Maw, I wants to listen.

MRS. ALLEN

You heerd what I don tole you.

FLOYD

She a sister of mine. 'Sides I know all about her. She gonna bed a bastard.

MR. ALLEN

(ANGRY) This here talk private, so do what yer maw says.  
(See Figure 8)

FLOYD

(XU BEHIND PLATFORM R) Be glad when I git old. Allus gittin' put out when thar's fun startin'.

HAGGLER

Hit jes' as well you tole the boy to git back in the house, cause what I got to tell you ain't got no truck with young uns. (PUTS DOWN WHITTILING, PULLS STOOL IN)

MRS. ALLEN

(SITTING FORWARD ON EDGE OF BENCH) Yes, what is hit you want?

HAGGLER

Whar Barbara now, Miz Allen?

MRS. ALLEN

She out thar sommers. I couldn't tell you whar.

HAGGLER

You let her out right often, alone in the night?

MRS. ALLEN

She a growed gal, Preacher. I ain't fer to stop her.

Figure 8



HAGGLER

But you got to take the disgrace when she git herself in trouble.

MRS. ALLEN

I know that, Preacher Haggler, but what kin we do?

HAGGLER

Well, I thought a somethin' fer you. A way to git her married.

MR. ALLEN

That what we're a-wantin'.

MRS. ALLEN

Shore. Tell us what hit be.

HAGGLER

Thar's a feller who's been hangin' round, don't nobody know him.

MRS. ALLEN

You mean the stranger who danced with Barbara the other night?

HAGGLER

That him. Well, I seed him agin this afternoon up by Hawg Back Holler. He ain't been here very long, and that's the man you want.

MR. ALLEN

Whar he from?

HAGGLER

Well, now I don't know. I ast him right enough, but he say he come from over on Old Baldy Mounting.

MRS. ALLEN

Why, thar ain't nobody live up thar.

HAGGLER

I know hit, and I told him. But hit don't differ, Sister Allen, if he ain't from these parts here.

MR. ALLEN

I ain't got no truck with furriners.

HAGGLER

But he better'n nobody.

MRS. ALLEN

That right, Preacher.

HAGGLER

Asides, he ain't had a chanst yit to find out about things.

MRS. ALLEN

And you think he marry Barbara?

HAGGLER

Shore, he marry Barbara. He tole me so hisself. He ast me all about her.

MRS. ALLEN

You didn't tell him nothin'?

HAGGLER

Well, I had to tell him somethin'. Hit plain to might nigh everybody what Barbara went and done. So I said hit weren't no fault a hern, that she was to git married, was all ready fer the weddin', when her man he up and died.

MRS. ALLEN

And he believe you?

HAGGLER

Shore he did. Weren't no reason why he shouldn't. Asides I think he still take her if I'd tole him the whole truth.

MRS. ALLEN

Hit'd shore save us a heap a trouble if we could git the gal a husband, and if you say this man want her-----

HAGGLER

He want her.



MRS. ALLEN

Why, that good enough fer me.

MR. ALLEN

Well, hit ain't fer me. You don't know nothin' 'bout him.

MRS. ALLEN

He a right smart-lookin' feller, and the way he whopped Marvin Hudgens were a sight to see.

MR. ALLEN

Aw, he whop him too easy. He didn't never tetch him. I was standin' right thar and I seed the whole fight.

HAGGLER

(RISE, RETURN STOOL TO FRONT OF PLATFORM) Well, you'll git a chanst to see him soon and you kin ast him how he done hit. He say he comin' over to see you to-night.

MRS. ALLEN

You reckon he means hit, what he say about Barbara?

HAGGLER

I don't see why he got a cause fer to tell you a lie.

MR. ALLEN

Hit jes' seem quare somehow.

HAGGLER

Well, you all will figger hit out some way. And now I reckon I better be gittin' on home.

MR. ALLEN

Don't go yit, Preacher Haggler. Set with us a week.

HAGGLER

(DOWN TWO STEPS) Cain't I reckon. Come go over the mounting with me.

MR. ALLEN

(RISING) Can't I reckon. You stay with us.

HAGGLER

(DOWN LAST TWO STEPS AND EXIT OVER SECOND RAMP) Can't, I reckon.

MRS. ALLEN

Preacher Haggler a mighty fine man.

MR. ALLEN

(SIT) Shore a fine feller

FLOYD

(RUNNING IN ULC) Paw, Paw. Thar an eagle out thar, Paw. Hit a-flyin' low and callin'. I reckon hit the biggest eagle I ever see.

MR. ALLEN RISE AND XUR CORNER OF PLATFORM.

MRS. ALLEN

(RISE AND XD) Hit after the chickens. Did you shet the henhouse?

FLOYD

Shore I shet it, Maw. He can't do us no harm. But hit shore a big un.

MR. ALLEN

Hand me up my hawg rifle, son. I'll see if I kin git him.

FLOYD

(RUNS DL CORNER OF PLATFORM AND HANDS GUN TO MR. ALLEN) Let me try hit, Paw. I'm shore I kin git him.

MR. ALLEN

I said I'd git him, and I don't mean you.

JOHN APPEARS URC UNDER MOUNTAIN  
AND X TO DR CORNER OF PLATFORM.

JOHN

I'm lookin' fer Barbara Allen.

MRS. ALLEN

She ain't here right now.

JOHN

You all her folks, ain't ya?

MRS. ALLEN

I reckon. Won't you come up and set a spell?

JOHN

(STARTING UP STAIRS) I reckon.

MR. ALLEN

Draw up a char. Barbara be comin' back purty soon.

FLOYD

Paw, let me shoot the eagle. Please give me the gun.

JOHN

(FROM STEPS) Thar ain't no eagle out thar.

FLOYD

But I seed him, Mister.

JOHN

Thar ain't no eagle out thar. Go back and look.

FLOYD

Kin I take the gun, Paw?

MR. ALLEN

(HANDING THE GUN TO FLOYD) I reckon you kin have her.  
FLOYD TAKES GUN AND EXITS URC.

(CALLING AFTER HIM) But don't go wastin' shot lest you sight her fair and true.

MRS. ALLEN

Kin I git you some supper?

JOHN

(AT DR CORNER ON PLATFORM) Well, I am right hungry.

MRS. ALLEN

(PUTS DOWN BASKET OF BEANS) Hit won't take fer long.

BARBARA ENTERS ULC, LOOKING AFTER  
FLOYD

MR. ALLEN

Whar you been, Barbara?

BARBARA

(XD TO D (ON FLOOR) OF JOHN) What you doin' here?

JOHN

I come here to ast yer maw and paw a question. I want to ast thar leave to make you my wife.

MR. ALLEN

But we don't hardly know you, yer name or whar you come from.

JOHN

Hit don't differ whar I come from, cause hit here I'm gonna stay.

MR. ALLEN

But yer maw and yer paw----

MRS. ALLEN

(RISE, XDC OF PLATFORM) Hit don't make no difference. If Barbara a mind to hit, I reckon hit all right.

MR. ALLEN

But, Maw----

MRS. ALLEN

If Preacher Haggler say hit the Lord's will----

MR. ALLEN

But seem like we ought to tell him what Barbara went and done.

JOHN

I already know that, Mr. Allen. Preacher Haggler done tole me. But hit don't make no never mind if Barbara be my wife.

MRS. ALLEN

What you say, gal? Will you have him?

BARBARA

You'll be takin' quite a chanst if you marry me.

MR. ALLEN

No more chanst than you be takin', gal, is what I'm thinkin'.

BARBARA

What the matter, Paw? Don't you want fer me to marry?

MR. ALLEN

I reckon, since hit seem like the only chanst you'll git.

BARBARA

Why, thar's lots a fellers, Paw, that's wantin' me to marry.

MR. ALLEN

Shore, they want you to marry someone else.

MRS. ALLEN

Hesh your mouth! You ain't got no right to be a-talkin' that a-way about yer own daughter.

JOHN

Will you, Barbara Allen? I'm a-waitin' fer yer answer.

BARBARA

My answer is yes

EAGLE CRY

cause I couldn't tell you no.

MRS. ALLEN

Well now that right fine. I know you both be happy.

SHOT AND EAGLE CRY FROM OFF R.

MR. ALLEN

Did you git him, Floyd boy? Did you git the eagle?

FLOYD

(FROM OFF R) Naw, he git away, Paw.

JOHN

Tole you that weren't no eagle out thar.

MR. ALLEN

Well, perhaps he were wrong. I reckon you two got things you want to talk about.

BARBARA

I reckon, Maw.

MRS. ALLEN

Well, we be a-goin'. Hit gittin' late nohow.

MR. ALLEN

(SITTING ON BENCH) I ain't a-goin' till hit time fer bed.

MRS. ALLEN

(TAKING HIM BY THE EAR AND LEADING HIM DOWN THE STEPS AND OUT L) With yer daughter gittin' married, you'll do like I say. Now git on up thar and leave 'em be.

BARBARA XDL CORNER OF PLATFORM.

JOHN

Barbara!

BARBARA

Yes?

JOHN

I don't care what the Conjur Woman say, you the purtiest gal in all the world.

BARBARA

The Conjur Woman? You been talkin' to her?



JOHN

I reckon.

BARBARA

What you messin' 'round with her fer?

JOHN

(SITTING ON FLOOR OF PLATFORM, FRONT CENTER) I--I had to ast her to do somethin' fer me.

BARBARA

Thar ain't nothin' she can do fer you, nothin' that ain't bad. You gotta stay clear a them conjur folks if you and me is married. The blood a the Jesus Lamb give us all the power we need.

JOHN

No Jesus Lamb blood gonna hep me out.

BARBARA

Ain't you a Christian?

JOHN

I reckon not.

BARBARA

(LOOKING AT HIM CURIOUSLY) I ain't never knowed no one who weren't a Christian afore.

JOHN

You mean you won't marry me lest I'm washed in the blood?

BARBARA

I didn't say that, did I? Thar time enough later fer you to git salvation. Jes' so you love me, that all I ast.

JOHN

I love you, Barbara Allen. I promise you that. (PULLS HER BETWEEN HIS LEGS AND KISSES HER)

WITCH BOY APPEARS FROM BENEATH THE PLATFORM, SQUATS D OF IT.

## WITCH BOY

Witch boy! What you doin' in thar? What you doin' with humans?  
BARBARA'S HEAD FALLS ON HIS CHEST.

## JOHN

I reckon I got my reasons.

WITCH GIRL APPEARS ON STEPS R.

## WITCH GIRL

Why you want to be a human? Don't you know you'll be sorry?

## WITCH BOY

And you eagle gittin' lonesome. You can't ride the sky without him.

## WITCH GIRL

(CLIMBS TO JOHN'S R) And I git lonesome, witch boy. I git lonesome too.

## JOHN

Tain't no affair a mine.

## WITCH GIRL

(ON JOHN'S L) She ain't purty! Hit jes' you that thinks so.

## WITCH BOY

(BACKING UNDER THE PLATFORM) Would you leave us, witch boy? Leave us  
 fer a human?

WITCH GIRL DISAPPEARS BEHIND STEPS.

## JOHN

I done made up my mind, and thar ain't no turning back.

## BARBARA

(ONE STEP R OF HIM) What the matter, John boy? You look like you been  
 seein' witches in the night?

## JOHN

(JUMPING DOWN FROM PLATFORM) I was thinkin' a some friends--some friends  
 I used to know. They're fur away now.

BARBARA

I love you, John boy. You kin kiss me if you like.

MARVIN ENTERS FROM ULC OF MOUNTAIN.

JOHN SEES HIM OVER BARBARA'S  
SHOULDER AND HIDES BEHIND L END  
OF PLATFORM. BARBARA LOOKS AFTER  
HIM CURIOUSLY.

MARVIN

(XD TO R END OF PLATFORM) Good evenin', Barbara Allen. Kin I talk to you a minute?

BARBARA

I reckon.

MARVIN

I been thinkin' over what yer paw say to-day, and I figgered as how I made up my mind too quick.

BARBARA

What Paw been tellin' you?

MARVIN

He 'lowed as how you and me ought to git married. Now I ain't never been averse to the ideer, but I like to do my own courtin' in my own way and in my own time.

BARBARA

Well, hit ain't none a Paw's affair.

MARVIN

(ABSENTLY PICKING UP STOOL FROM END OF PLATFORM) That's how I figgered. A feller don't like to be pushed into nothin' like that, so I kinda balked at his tellin' me what to do. I even promised him my ole mule Sally if he'd fergit about hit. But sin't then I been a-thinkin' things out. I figgered as how I need old Sally right smart, so I come here to ast you to be my wife.

JOHN

(X AROUND BARBARA AND FORCING MARVIN OFF) I'm afraid you jes' a little too late, Marvin Hudgens. Will you be a-goin' now, or do you want I should count three?

MARVIN

(HANDING JOHN STOOL AND RUNNING OFF ULC) I--I'll be a-goin' now, if that's how things is standin'.

JOHN

That's how things is standin'. (RETURNS LAUGHING TO PORCH; REPLACES STOOL)

BARBARA

You shore manage him proper, John. I'm mighty proud to marry you.

THEY START TO EXIT URC AS THE LIGHTS FADE TO SILHOUETTE. AS THEY REACH CENTER, THE EAGLE CRIES. BARBARA CONTINUES ON A STEP OR TWO, JOHN TURNS AT THE CRY, LISTENS A MOMENT, THEN TURNS BACK TO HER, AND THEY EXIT IN SILHOUETTE.

BLACKOUT.

#### SCENE IV

THE GENERAL STORE OF BUCK CREEK.

COUNTER UR ON SIX INCH PLATFORM, APPLE BARREL UL ON PLATFORM, BARREL SEAT BETWEEN COUNTER AND APPLE BARREL. DR. OFF PLATFORM A CHECKER BOARD AND TWO MORE BARREL SEATS. JUST OFF THE PLATFORM AT RC IS ANOTHER BARREL SEAT WITH SMELICUE ON IT. FLOYD BEHIND HIM TO HIS LEFT ON THE EDGE OF THE PLATFORM. MR. SUMMEY BEHIND THE COUNTER. MR. ATKINS UPSTAGE AND MR. BERGEN DOWNSTAGE AT THE CHECKER TABLE. BURT DINWITTY IS IN THE PROCESS OF LIFTING AN APPLE FROM THE APPLE BARREL AND TAKING THE SMALL BARREL SEAT DS TO VIEW THE CHECKERS MATCH. (See Figure 9)

LIGHTS UP AS SMELICUE, ACCOMPANIED BY FLOYD, SINGS.

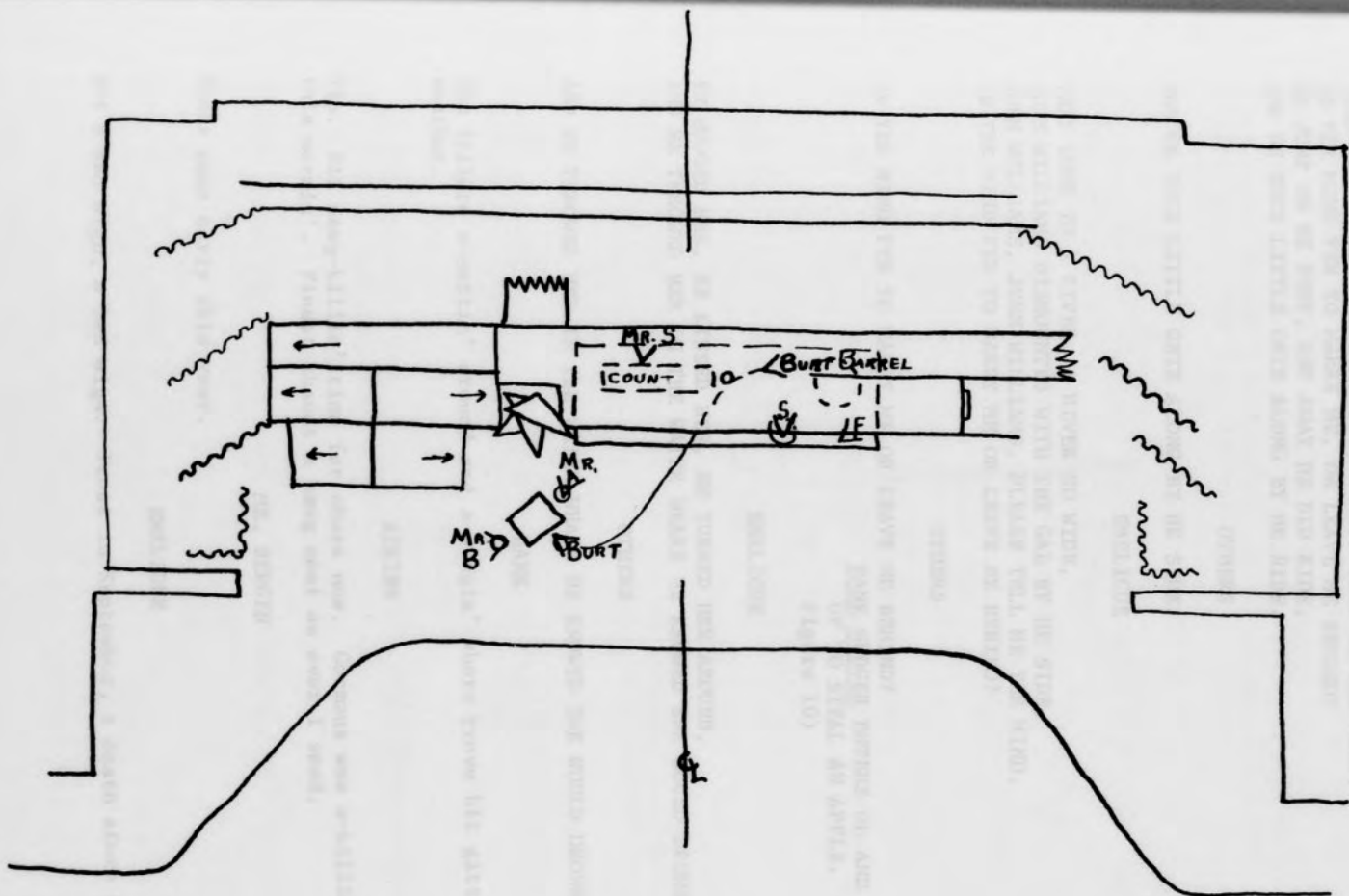


Figure 9

DARK OF THE MOON
$\frac{1}{8}'' = 1'$
BARRY DUDLEY

SMELICUE

JOHN WILLIAMS, JOHN WILLIAMS, PLEASE TELL ME YER MIND.  
IS YER MIND FER TO MARRY ME, OR LEAVE ME BEHIND?  
HE JUMP ON HE PONY, AND AWAY HE DID RIDE,  
AND HE TUCK LITTLE ONIE ALONG BY HE SIDE.

OTHERS

AND HE TUCK LITTLE ONIE ALONG BY HE SIDE.

SMELICUE

THEY COME TO A RIVER, A RIVER SO WIDE,  
JOHN WILLIAMS DISMOUNTED WITH THE GAL BY HE SIDE,  
JOHN WILLIAMS, JOHN WILLIAMS, PLEASE TELL ME YER MIND.  
IS YER MIND FER TO MARRY ME OR LEAVE ME BEHIND?

OTHERS

IS YER MIND FER TO MARRY ME OR LEAVE ME BEHIND?

HANK GUDGER ENTERS DL AND CROSSES  
UP TO STEAL AN APPLE. (See  
Figure 10)

SMELICUE

HE HUGGED HER, HE KISSED HER, HE TURNED HER AROUND.  
AND HE THREWED HER IN THE WATER WHARE HE KNOWED SHE WOULD DROWNED.

OTHERS

AND HE THREWED HER IN THE WATER WHARE HE KNOWED SHE WOULD DROWNED.

HANK

You fellers a-settin' around and a-singin' shore prove hit gittin' colder  
weather.

ATKINS

Yep. Hit hawg-killin' time fer shore now. Gormans was a-killin' a sow  
this mornin'. Finest chanst a hawg meat as ever I seed.

MR. BERGEN

Frost come early this year.

SMELICUE

Hit a bad sign, a bad sign. Frost in September, a death afore November.

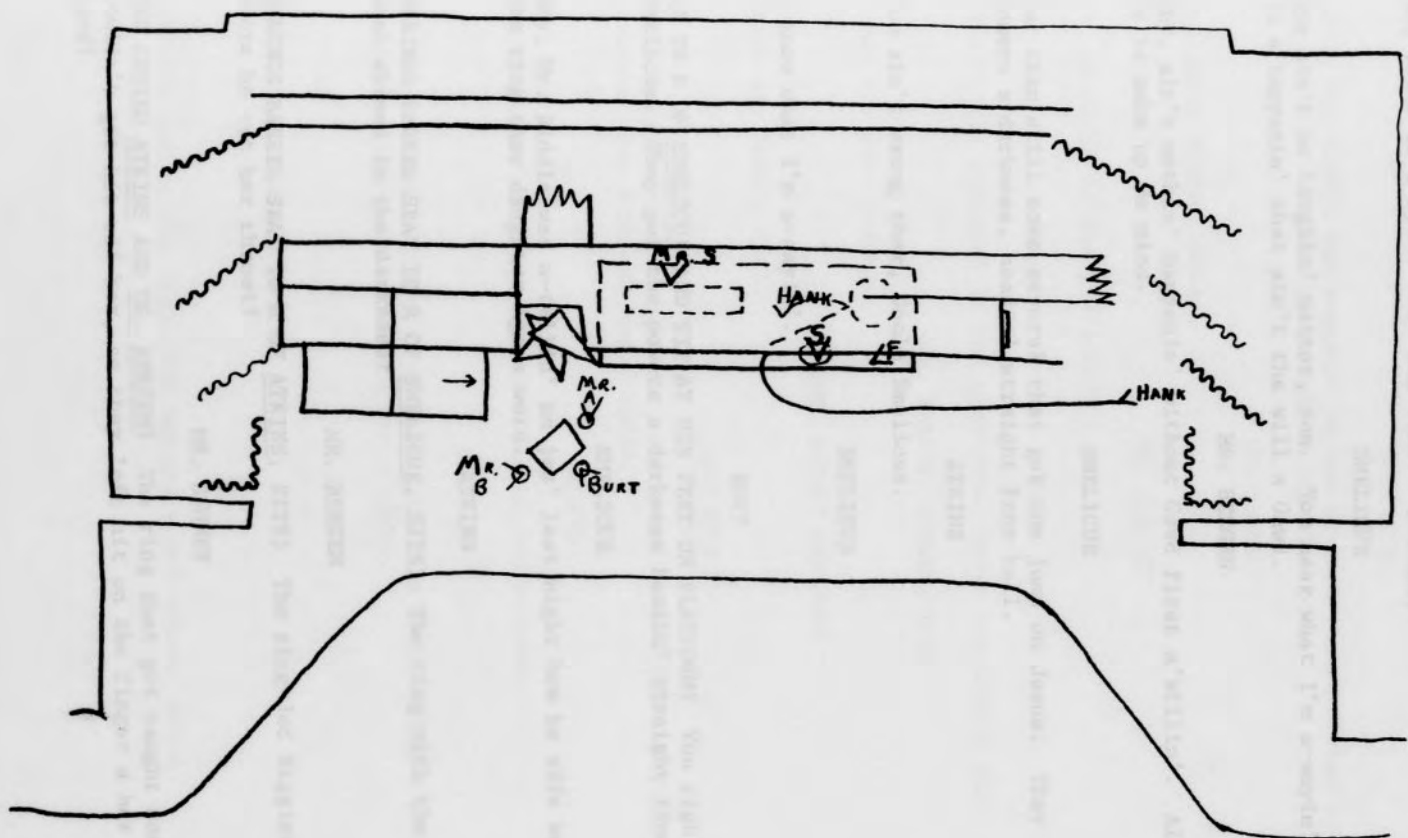


Figure 10

# DARK OF THE MOON

$$\frac{1}{8}'' = 1'$$

BARRY DUDLEY



HANK

Aw, folks is a-dyin' most any time. (LAUGHS)

SMELICUE

Hit ain't no laughin' matter, son. You hear what I'm a-sayin'. Things is a'happenin' that ain't the will a Gawd.

MR. BERGEN

Why, ain't nothin' happenin' without Gawd first a'llillin'. All He gotta do is make up He mind.

SMELICUE

But thar still some several that got the jump on Jesus. They got the powers a darkness, headin' straight from hell.

ATKINS

You ain't wrong thar, Uncle Smellicue.

SMELICUE

I know what I'm a-sayin'.

BURT

(X TO D OF SMELICUE AND SIT AT HIS FEET ON PLATFORM) You right, Uncle Smellicue. They got the powers a darkness headin' straight from hell.

SMELICUE

Why, Mr. Riddle was a-tellin' me jes' last night how he wife wanted back the ring thar daughter Agnes wore.

ATKINS

(BRINGS BARREL SEAT TO R OF SMELICUE, SITS) The ring with the green stone that shined in the darkness?

MR. BERGEN

(BRINGS BARREL SEAT TO R OF ATKINS, SITS) The ring Jed Higgins give her afore he cut her throat?

MR. SUMMEY

(XD BEHIND ATKINS AND MR. BERGEN) The ring that got caught and they couldn't git hit off her, so they left hit on the finger a her cold dead hand?

FLOYD SITS ON PLATFORM L OF BURT.  
(See Figure 11)

SMELICUE

Well, Mr. Riddle was a-sayin' as how he wife figgered that by now the hand ought to be shrunk enough to pry hit loose.

MR. SUMMEY

But Agnes Riddle buried.

MR. BERGEN

She grounded in the graveyard.

BURT

(TO FLOYD) Grounded in the graveyard, under six feet a dirt.

MR. BERGEN, ATKINS, HANK

Under six feet a dirt.

MR. SUMMEY AND BURT

Under six feet a dirt.

SMELICUE

Well, I reckon they knowed hit, but hit didn't differ, so they git them a lantern and a shovel and a spade.

OTHERS

And a shovel and a spade, and a shovel and a spade.

SMELICUE

And they starts a-diggin', in the night time they a-diggin', diggin' in the blackness with jes' a lantern fer a light.

ATKINS

And they git to the coffin?

HANK

And they git at the ring with the green and shinin' stone.

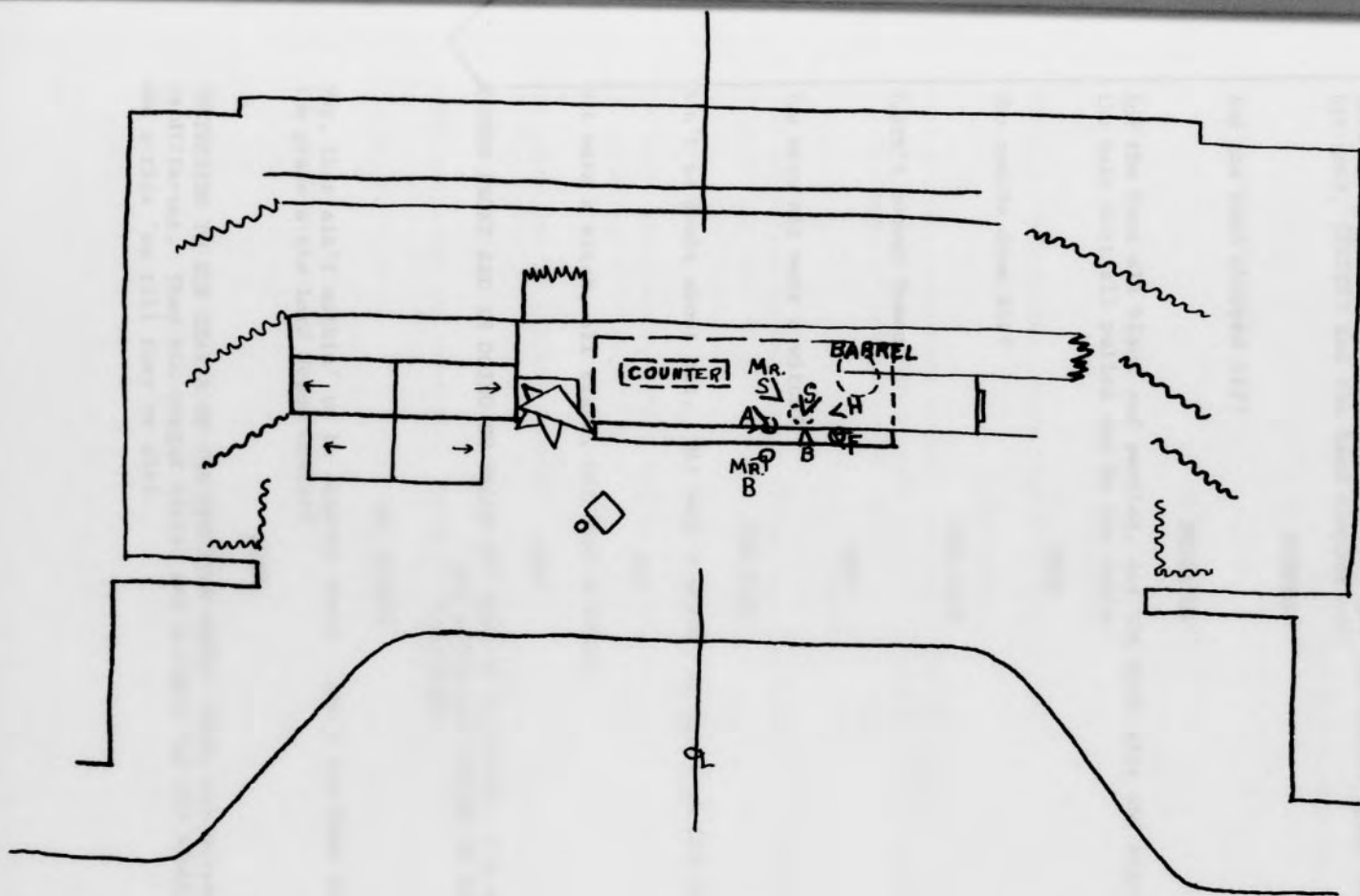


Figure 11

DARK OF THE MOON
$\frac{1}{8}'' = 1'$
BARRY DUDLEY

SMELICUE

Well, they git to the coffin, and they git the coffin open, but the ring hit gone, (PAUSE) and the hand chopped off!

OTHERS

And the hand chopped off!

SMELICUE

And the face all black and swollen, and the eyes wide and starin', and the hair most all pulled out by the roots.

HANK

Who coulda done hit?

SMELICUE

Twarn't nobody human.

BURT

You mean hit were a witch?

SMELICUE

Ain't no doubt about hit. Hit were a witch, as shore as the Lord.

ALL

Hit were a witch, all right, hit were a witch!

BURT

(TURNS FRONT AND IN DOING SO FALLS OFF EDGE OF PLATFORM) I'm skeered!

MEN LAUGH AND RETURN TO THEIR  
POSITIONS.

MR. SUMMEY

Why, thar ain't nothin' to be skeered about. Ain't you been saved by the grace a the Lord Jesus Christ?

BURT

(RETURNING TO HIS SEAT R OF THE CHECKERS GAME) Yeah, but witches they is different. They kin conjur folks, and a-chase 'em and a-hound 'em and a-ride 'em till they're dead.

MR. SUMMEY

Then you best be mindin' what I tell you. Jes' don't give 'em no chanst to git a holt on you.

MISS METCALF ENTERS FROM L AND X TO UC.

Howdy, Miss Metcalf.

MISS METCALF

Howdy.

SMELICUE

Howdy, Miss Metcalf. How's things with you?

MISS METCALF

Jes' gittin' along past common, I reckon. (TO MR. SUMMEY) Oh, Mr. Summey, I'd like to look at some calico. Thought I'd use the weddin' fer an excuse to make me a new dress.

MR. SUMMEY

Ella Bergen and Harmon Putnam gittin' married tomorrer. You'll have to work real fast to git hit made in time.

MISS METCALF

Hit ain't that weddin' I'm a-talkin' about.

MR. BERGEN

Why, who else is gittin' married?

MISS METCALF

Ain't you heerd the news yit? Barbara Allen's the bride.  
ALL LOOK AT FLOYD.

FLOYD

Yep, Barbara finally gittin' married.

ATKINS

(TO FLOYD) So Marvin Hudgens gonna do the right thing.

MISS METCALF

(INTERRUPTING FLOYD) Can't say he's a-aimin' to do the right thing a-tall. Hit that new feller from over Baldy way.

MR. BERGEN

The one that rassled Marvin?

MISS METCALF

That him. (XDR) He a right powerful lookin' feller.

BURT

He didn't rassle fair--he didn't hardly tetch him.

HANK

When's to be the weddin'?

MISS METCALF

I don't know fer shore yit.

FLOYD

Jes' as soon's they kin, Maw says.

HANK

So Barbara gittin' married.

SMELICUE

No reason why she oughtn't. She a sight purtier'n a June bug in a tin dipper.

MISS METCALF

She purty, maybe.

MR. SUMMEY

She ain't not purtier'n you, Miss Metcalf.

MISS METCALF

Well, she a lot younger. (RETURNS TO L END OF COUNTER TO EXAMINE CLOTH)

MR. BERGEN

Age ain't got nothin' to do with hit. Miss Greeny Gorman was all a fifty, and hit didn't holt her back none.

BURT

Yeah, but look who she married to.

ALL LAUGH.

SMELICUE

How come you ain't never married, Miss Metcalf? A fetchin' woman like you! But I s'pose a man's hard to git.

MISS METCALF

(XD TO C) You right thar, Uncle Smellicue. Hit hard shore enough, and that a fact a Gawd.

FLOYD STRUMS A CHORD ON THE GUITAR  
AND THE MEN SING.

MEN

OH, HIT'S HARD AND HIT'S HARD, AIN'T HIT HARD,  
TO LOVE ONE WHO NEVER DID LOVE YOU,  
AND HIT'S HARD, AND HIT'S HARD, AIN'T HIT HARD, GREAT GAWD,  
TO LOVE ONE WHO NEVER COULD BE TRUE.

SMELICUE

NOW WHO WILL KISS HER RUBY LIPS?

HANK

AND WHO WILL HOLD HER TO HIS BREAST?

FLOYD

AND WHO WILL BE HER OWN TRUE LOVER?

MISS METCALF

I WANT SOME ONE TO LOVE ME BEST.

ALL

BUT HIT'S HARD AND HIT'S HARD, AIN'T HIT HARD,  
TO LOVE ONE WHO NEVER DID LOVE YOU,  
AND HIT'S HARD AND HIT'S HARD, AIN'T HIT HARD, GREAT GAWD!



MISS METCALF RECOVERS HER DIGNITY.

MISS METCALF

Silly men! (TURN US)

MEN

TO LOVE ONE WHO NEVER COULD BE TRUE.

HAGGLER

(ENTER L AND X TO UC) The Lord be with you, brothers.

MEN

Howdy, Preacher Hagglar.

HAGGLER

(XU ONTO PLATFORM) Howdy, Miss Metcalf.

MISS METCALF

Howdy.

HAGGLER

You're lookin' mighty peert, Brother Smelicue.

SMELICUE

I'm as peert as a cut-tail lizard.

HAGGLER

(TO FLOYD) Floyd Allen, yer maw's been lookin' all over fer you. She wants you to git the chores done afore supper.

FLOYD

(EXITING L) Now that Barbara gittin' married I gotta do all the work.

MR. BERGEN

You go on home, Floyd.

MISS METCALF

Oh, Preacher Hagglar, I'd like yore opinion. Which a these calicos'd look purtiest on me.

SMELICUE RISE AND XL A STEP; HANK  
COUNTER DL.

HAGGLER

That hard to say, hit hard to say. Hit like gildin' the lily.

MISS METCALF

Oh, Preacher Hagglar!

HAGGLER

You always dress real fancy.

SMELICUE

That what I been a-tellin' her, Preacher.

HAGGLER

Like the good book say, Solomon in all he glory was not arrayed like one  
a these.

MISS METCALF

(FLATTERED) Well, I jes' can't decide atween this red one and the blue  
flowers.

HAGGLER

The blue flowers is real purty.

MISS METCALF

Yes, ain't hit now? (TO SUMMEY) How much is hit?

MR. SUMMEY

Fifteen cent a yard.

MISS METCALF

I'll take six yard. The other a little tacky. (XL TO HAGGLER) Hit a  
stout piece a calico.

HAGGLER

Yes--it is.

SMELICUE

That sound a mite skimpy to me, Miss Metcalf. You shore you kin git a good swingy skirt outen only six yard?

MISS METCALF

I kin git a swing outa most anythin' if I git a chanst, Uncle Smellicue.  
("SWINGS" U TO END OF COUNTER)

MARVIN ENTERS FROM L.

HANK

Howdy, Marvin Hudgens. You heerd about the weddin'?

HAGGLER PUT SMELICUE'S BARREL SEAT  
L OF COUNTER.

MARVIN

Yeah, I heerd about the weddin'. What hit to you?

HANK

Why, nothin'. Nothin' a-tall, I reckon. Jes' seem like someone else is a-carryin' off yore gal.

MARVIN

(XUC TO HANK'S R) I don't like the way you talkin'. (LEAN OVER HANK)  
I coulda had her if I wanted.

SMELICUE

Seem like I heerd her pappy say durn nigh the same thing.

MARVIN

Anyway, I coulda married her, and don't you fergit hit. (SHAKING FINGER  
AT SMELICUE)

SMELICUE

Take care, take care, take care!

MARVIN

(XL OF BURT) Asides, I play fair. I don't have to spell folks to git what I want.

HAGGLER

What you mean, spell?

MARVIN

I ain't a-sayin'. All I know is what I knows.

MR. BERGEN

He still mad about the rasslin'.

ATKINS

But he were beaten fair and square.

MARVIN

I don't call what he done fair and square. He struck at me with the lightnin'.

SMELICUE

Yeah. Lightnin' in both fists.

MARVIN

Hit were real lightnin' that knocked me over. (TURN R TO MR. SUMMEY)  
JOHN AND BARBARA ENTER L AND STOP  
JUST INSIDE THE LIGHT.

But I could beat him if I tried again.

JOHN

(QUIETLY) You kin try hit, if you wanta. Any time, I'll be a-waitin'.

BARBARA

Hit a right stout man I'm a-marryin'. I reckon he the strongest man in all the valley.

MARVIN

He ain't as strong as I am--when hit come to liftin' weights.

JOHN

Lemme see you, Marvin Hudgens. Lemme see you do some liftin'.

MARVIN

(INDICATING BARREL UL) I kin lift that barrel thar plumb offen the floor.  
I kin lift hit up and hold hit high, and not spill nary a apple.

BURT

Shore you kin, Marvin. Show him how you do hit.

MR. SUMMEY

Hit a mighty heavy barrel.

ATKINS

And hit plumb full a apples.

MARVIN

Hit don't differ, not with me. (XU OF BARREL) You jes' give me room  
and watch.

JOHN PULLS BARBARA IN FRONT OF HIM  
AND PUTS HIS ARMS AROUND HER  
NECK.

SMELICUE XU; HANK XL.

MARVIN PICKS UP THE BARREL AND  
CARRIES IT, WITH DIFFICULTY TO  
FRONT EDGE OF STORE PLATFORM.  
HE PUTS IT DOWN AND THE CROWD  
APPLAUDS AND CONGRATULATES HIM.

HANK

Miss Metcalf, come up and shake hands with a mighty stout man.

MISS METCALF XR, SHAKE HIS HAND, AND  
RETURN TO R OF COUNTER.

ATKINS

I knowed he could do hit.

BURT

Strongest man in this here county.

MARVIN

(TO JOHN) Well, stranger, you kin try hit if you wants.

JOHN

(XU TO BEHIND BARREL) I reckon as how I wants to. You jes' give me room and watch.

SMELICUE

Care to make a little bet, Preacher?

HAGGLER

Hit agin the Gospel, Brother Smellicue. I never gamble.

MARVIN FALLS BACK BESIDE HAGGLER.

JOHN XDR OF BARREL, PICKS IT UP WITH HIS L HAND, OFFERS AN APPLE TO BARBARA. SHE TAKES IT AND XR ONTO PLATFORM. (See Figure 12) HE PUTS BARREL DOWN.

MISS METCALF

Look! Hit the doin's a the devil.

HAGGLER

(RISES) Ain't that somethin' else!

MARVIN

(FAST EXIT L) What I tell you 'bout spell?

ATKINS CIRCLE UL.

BURT

(FAST EXIT L) Hit spelled fer shore!

HANK

(XR TO MISS METCALF) He got the powers a darkness.

SMELICUE

Who'd a thunk hit!

JOHN AND BARBARA XDL.

BARBARA

Hit a real man I'm a-marryin'.

HAGGLER

I ain't never seen no man who could do nothin' like that!

Figure 12





BARBARA

Well, the longer you live the more you larn.

HAGGLER

(XD BEHIND BARRELL) And when were you plannin' on gittin' married?

JOHN

Hit about that we come to see you, Preacher. We figgered the sooner we married the better.

HAGGLER

(CHECKING HIS APPOINTMENT BOOK) Thar already one weddin' in the church tomorrer. How about yourn a week from then?

JOHN

I don't reckon as how we kin wait that long.

SMELICUE

Claims they can't wait, hey, Miss Metcalf?

MISS METCALF

Look to me like they ain't waited a-tall.

JOHN

(XU; HAGGLER AND BARBARA FALL BACK L) What that you a-sayin'?

MISS METCALF

What I means is, thar ain't no sense in waitin' when yer mind's made up.

SMELICUE

Mind's made up fer what, Miss Metcalf?

JOHN STEPS UP TO HER.

MISS METCALF

(XDL BEHIND SMELICUE) To have the weddin' is what I means.

SMELICUE

Oh!

JOHN

That's what we figgered, so, Preacher, we'd like to git married right away.

HAGGLER

Have you told yer folks about hit?

BARBARA

Why, they is willin'. They be right glad to get me married any time.

SMELICUE

That's right. Her paw looked kinda questionin' like at me wunst.

HAGGLER

You means you wants to git married to-day?

JOHN

That the ideer exactly. (XD TO BARREL; BARBARA X IN) We wants to git married to-day and right now.

MISS METCALF

They shore in a hurry.

JOHN

Can't you do hit?

HAGGLER

(XD TO BARREL) I reckon hit might could be arranged. You got to git a permit.

JOHN

Can't you git hit fer us?

HAGGLER

Got one right here. Two dollar and a half. (HANDS APPLE TO HANK WHO EATS IT AND TAKES PAPER FROM HIS JACKET)

MR. SUMMEY BRINGS THE BOARD MISS METCALF'S CALICO WAS ON AND PLACES IT ON THE BARREL. HE TAKES THE APPLE FROM HANK AND RETURNS TO BEHIND THE COUNTER.

JOHN

I ain't got no two dollar and a half. That one thing I didn't figger.

BARBARA

I got the money, John, right here in my pocket. (REMOVES MONEY FROM POCKET AND COUNTS IT OUT TO THE PREACHER) Here one, two, two dollar and fifty cent.

HANK

That only fifty cent more'n the price a sin.

SMELICUE

Sinnin' shore gone sky-high sinst my time.

HAGGLER

This ain't no time to be speakin' a the flesh. This here's legal. (OFFERS PAPER AND PENCIL TO JOHN) Now all you gotta do is fill in the spaces.

JOHN

I'm sorry, Preacher Hagglar, but I can't read or write.

HAGGLER

I reckon I kin do hit fer you. The first question is, what's yer name?

JOHN

My name John.

HAGGLER

John what?

JOHN

Jes' John.

MISS METCALF

You ain't a bastard, are you?

JOHN

Well, not exactly.

HAGGLER

You got to have a last name.

MISS METCALF

Ain't he got no last name?

HAGGLER

You got to have a last name to put on the blank.

JOHN

You kin put down--Human! That my name, John Human.

HAGGLER

(WRITING) Human. I ain't never heerd that name afore. How old are you?

JOHN

I don't rightly know.

HAGGLER

I'll say twenty-three. You got to put down somethin'.

JOHN

I'm twenty-three, then. But if things work out, I'll git eternal life.

HAGGLER

Amen, brother.

OTHERS

Amen. Amen, brother.

HAGGLER

That a fine way fer a Christian to talk. . . . You been baptized, ain't you?

JOHN

Nope, I ain't never been baptized.

HAGGLER

Have you been sprinkled?

JOHN

Not as how I remember.

HAGGLER

I pray to Gawd fer the Holy Ghost to move you. We be havin' a revival in another month.

MR. SUMMEY

Amen, Preacher Hagglar. Holy Ghost'll git him when you start preachin' hellfire, sin and damnation.

ALL

Amen, praise be holy name, halleluiah.

BARBARA

One thing at a time. Let's git on with the weddin'. My name Barbara Allen and I'm nineteen year next month.

SMELICUE

(SITS ON BARREL SEAT DL) She shore done a heap a livin' in nineteen year.

HAGGLER

(XDL) Well, if you shore you wants the weddin' to-day, let's go gettin' on over to the church.

JOHN

This here ain't no church weddin', Preacher.

HAGGLER

Whar else do you want hit?

JOHN

We wants to git married right here.

HAGGLER

I ain't never heerd a no weddin' in no general store. (TO JOHN) Hit ain't Christian nor proper.

JOHN

I ain't ast fer no Christian weddin'.

## MISS METCALF

Why, that sin and damnation. . . . You got to git married in the eyes a the Lord.

## JOHN

I don't care who a-lookin', but I ain't gittin' married in no church a Gawd.

## OTHERS

He ain't gittin' married in no church a Gawd.

## JOHN

I wants to git married, so git started, Preacher.

## BARBARA

You better do like he say. He a mighty stout man.

## HAGGLER

(XU OF BARREL) I reckon I kin do hit. Good Book say, wharever you are gathered together in my name, thar will I be also. Let us pray. (HANK, ATKINS, MR. BERGEN SIT) O my Jesus, look down on this here man and this woman.

## OTHERS

Amen, Lord.

BARBARA BOWS HER HEAD. JOHN BECOMES  
CONFUSED AND IRRITATED.

## HAGGLER

Show 'em the way a Gawd and a light. Make 'em turn from the paths a wickedness and derision. Cleanse 'em by the light a yer Grace.

## OTHERS

Amen, Jesus.

## HAGGLER

Show 'em, Gawd, the fruit a thar sin, wash 'em in the blood a the lamb.

## OTHERS

Wash 'em in the blood a the lamb.

JOHN

(EXPLODING) If this here a weddin', let's git the prayin' done with. We wants to git married, and git married fast.

HAGGLER

We ain't never so rushed we can't take time to talk with the Lord.

JOHN

I ain't meanin' to interrupt no important conversations but we in a hurry to git married.

BARBARA

That right, Preacher Haggler. You better do like John say. He a powerful man, and he ain't amin' to be crossed.

HAGGLER

Well, jine yer right hands. Dearly beloved, we are gathered together in the sight a Gawd and this company to jine this here man and this woman in the holy bonds of matrimony. Good Book say that a man shall leave his father and his mother and shall cleave to his wife. John, do you take this woman to be yer lawful wedded wife, in sickness or in health, fer richer or fer poorer, fer better or fer worse, to love, honor and cherish, till death do you part?

JOHN

Till death do us part!

HAGGLER

Answer, I do.

JOHN

I do.

HAGGLER

Barbara, do you take this man to be yer lawful wedded husband, in sickness or in health, fer richer or fer poorer, fer better or fer worse, to love, honor and cherish, till death do you part?

BARBARA

I do.



HAGGLER

Afore Gawd and this company, what token do you give to signify this act?

JOHN

Token?

HAGGLER

Ain't you got a ring?

JOHN

I ain't got no ring.

OTHERS

Ain't he got a ring?

SMELICUE

You can't have a weddin' without no ring.

JOHN

I got a ring! (PULLS A STRING FROM AROUND HIS NECK, BREAKS IT, AND HOLDS UP RING. HE AND BARBARA XD OF BARREL) Here the ring.

HAGGLER

Place hit on her finger and repeat after me. With this ring I do thee wed.

JOHN

With this ring I do thee wed.

HAGGLER

Whom Gawd hath jined together let no man put asunder. And now, kiss the bride.

BARBARA AND JOHN KISS. SMELICUE XR  
AND D ON HIS WAY TO KISS THE BRIDE,  
BUT HAGGLER STOPS HIM. THEY BOTH  
SEE THE RING.  
BARBARA LOOKS AT HER HAND.

BARBARA

Hit shore a purty ring, John. Hit shore a purty ring.

JOHN

(THEY XD TO CURTAIN LINE) Hit got a green stone, Barbara, a green stone  
that shine in the dark! (THEY BEGIN TO SPIN SLOWLY)

ALL

(RISING) That shine in the dark! (See Figure 13)

LIGHTS FADE FAST TO SILHOUETTE. SLOW  
CURTAIN. ENTREACTE MUSIC.

END OF ACT ONE





## ACT II

HOUSE LIGHTS AND ENTREACTE FADE OUT.  
CHOPPING OF WOOD IS HEARD BEHIND  
THE CURTAIN. CURTAIN RISES.

JOHN IS CHOPPING ON A LOG SR.

AN EAGLE CRIES, JOHN STOPS AND  
LISTENS. HE PLACES AX DOWN BE-  
SIDE LOGS AND SLOWLY STRETCHES  
INTO A SPREAD-EAGLE. WITCH GIRL  
AND WITCH BOY SPRING FROM BEHIND  
R LEG OF MOUNTAIN AND STAND  
BEHIND HIM IN SPREAD-EAGLE FORM.

THE MUSIC STARTS AND THEY DANCE WITH  
JOHN FROM ONE END OF THE STAGE TO  
ANOTHER AS THE TWO WITCHES TRY TO  
LURE JOHN BACK TO THE MOUNTAIN-TOP.

AT THE END OF THE DANCE, THEY ARE  
DOWNSTAGE CENTER WITH JOHN IN THE  
CENTER.

BARBARA

(FROM OFFSTAGE UL) John!

JOHN STARTS AND TURNS TOWARD THE  
SOUND. THE WITCHES FOLD THEIR  
WINGS OVER HIM.

Whar are you, John! John!

JOHN FORCES THE TWO WITCHES TO LEAVE;  
THEY EXIT R OVER THE RAMPS. JOHN  
XR AND PICKS UP HIS AX.

Whar are you, John!

JOHN

I'm over here, Barbara. I'm over here.

BARBARA

(ENTER UL AND XDR TO HIM) You didn't git much wood chopped, did you?

JOHN

I reckon not. But I guess hit enough to last till spring.

BARBARA

(SIT ON L EDGE OF LOG) Last till spring! Lord Gawd, boy! You gone outa yer senses? That ain't hardly enough to last us one day.

JOHN

I reckon hit take more'n I figgered.

BARBARA

I reckon hit do. Git real cold in the mounting in the winter. Take a heap o' wood to see us through.

JOHN

(SITS ON GROUND AT R OF LOG) I git to hit agin after awhile. Gotta rest sometime.

BARBARA

(HANDING HIM THE BUCKET) I brought you some lunch. Cawn bread and hawg back.

JOHN

Thank you, Barbara. Reckon's how I couldn't git on without you.

BARBARA

That ain't nothin'. Wife allus gits vittles fer her husband.

JOHN

But ain't all the wives as purty as you. You the purtiest gal in the whole valley. (PULLS HER HEAD DOWN AND KISSES HER)

BARBARA

And you the finest man. And hit don't differ what the others say.

JOHN

What others? What they sayin', Barbara?

BARBARA

(TURN L) Hit jes' cause they jealous. That what make 'em say things.

JOHN

What things?

BARBARA

Hit don't differ, really hit don't. I don't pay 'em no never mind.

JOHN

But who talkin', Barbara? Who sayin' things?

BARBARA

Folks in church last Sunday. They was talkin' 'bout you.

JOHN

What they say?

BARBARA

They say thar somethin' wrong, that you ain't like no other person.

JOHN

(LEAN R) Everybody different, I reckon.

BARBARA

But they sayin' you more different than most. 'Course that true and I ain't complainin', but several say somethin' real bad agin you.

JOHN

What real bad thing do they say?

BARBARA

You won't git mad if I tell you?

JOHN

(RELUCTANTLY) I won't git mad.

BARBARA

(SOFTLY) They 'lowed you a witch.

JOHN

Who say that?

BARBARA

Uncle Smellicue, and Miss Metcalf, and thar were some others.

JOHN

(RISE) They liars! I ain't no witch!

BARBARA

I know hit, John boy. I tell 'em. But hit bad fer 'em to think so.

JOHN

(XD TO AX, PICK IT UP AND DRIVE IT INTO WOOD) Hit don't differ what they think.

BARBARA

But I don't want 'em to think things that ain't true.

JOHN

I'm a man like anybody. Conjur Woman tole me so.

BARBARA

Then why not prove hit to 'em. Hit so easy if you wants. Hit so easy if you willin'.

JOHN

I tole you wunst, and I'll say hit again. I can't never set foot in no house a Gawd.

BARBARA

(RISE, XD TO HIM) But if you jes' do hit wunst, John. Jes' do hit wunst and git fire from the Lord. Git washed in the blood and saved by the grace, and then they know fer shore you ain't no witch.

JOHN

I can't do hit, Barbara. That one thing I can't never do.

BARBARA

Not even fer me? Not even if I ast hit?



JOHN

No, Barbara, not even fer you.

BARBARA

(HONESTLY, BUT DISAPPOINTED) I'll never ast you agin, John.

JOHN

But you believe me, don't you? You believe me when I say I ain't no witch?

BARBARA

I reckon. Hit don't differ what nobody else say. What nobody else think. I believe you, John. I believe what you tell me.

JOHN

I'm a-tellin' you the truth, I ain't no witch.

MARVIN

(ENTER OVER DS RAMP) Howdy, Barbara. Howdy, John.

JOHN

Howdy, Marvin Hudgens.

MARVIN

(XD BETWEEN LOG AND JOHN) Gittin' yer wood cut fer winter?

JOHN

I reckon.

MARVIN

Ain't much good at choppin', are you?

JOHN

I kin do all right without yore help.

MARVIN

Seem like you need the hep a someone.

JOHN TURNS 3/4 BETWEEN MARVIN AND  
WOOD.

That ain't hardly fittin' wood to burn.

BARBARA

John ain't had much practice choppin'. He larn how when he has more time.

MARVIN

Choppin' ain't no conjur magic. I reckon you done found that out. Ain't like raisin' apple barrels, ain't like winnin' a rasslin' match.

JOHN

I kin chop as good as anybody.

MARVIN

You call what you been doin' choppin'? Yer log ain't split half even, and the branches still on. Here, lemme show you, boy. Lemme show you some real choppin'.

HE PICKS UP THE AX; JOHN BACKS OFF  
TOWARD BARBARA. MARVIN HITS THE  
LOG ON EACH ITALICAZIED WORD.

You got to hit that log with all yer strength,  
Long broad strokes of even length,  
Jes' one way to chop wood, 'low,  
Marvin Hudgens show you how!

THE WOOD SPLITS ON "SHOW." MARVIN SETS  
THE AX DOWN AND XDL TO BARBARA AND  
SITS L OF LOG.

Hit all in knowin' how to do hit, boy. Hit all in knowin' how.

JOHN

(XL TO HIM) I reckon you think you right smart.

MARVIN

I reckon. When you larn to chop like that I'll show you some more. Pore Barbara Allen, I'm right sorry fer you.

JOHN

Ain't no need to be.

MARVIN

I reckon she did the best she could fer herself.

BARBARA

(XR TO JOHN'S R) I's satisfied, Marvin Hudgens, and I ain't astin' no hep from you.

MARVIN

Seems to me you'll need the hep a someone I'm a-thinkin'. How soon yer confinement come?

BARBARA

Most any day now, Miz Summey say.

MARVIN

Then what you do, John boy? What you do when she take to her bed?

JOHN

I reckon I make out.

MARVIN

And who cook fer you and do all the work while you loafin' in the field or a layin' in the hay?

BARBARA

Don't fret yerself about us, Marvin Hudgens. We ain't complainin'. We git along.

JOHN

That right, Marvin. We git along.

BARBARA

(START TO EXIT ULC) I better be gittin' on back to the barn. I kin git a lot a cawn shucked afore milkin' time.

MARVIN

I'm a-goin' that way myself. I'll go with you.

JOHN

(FOLLOWING BARBARA AND MARVIN TO C) I reckon she kin make hit by herself, Marvin Hudgens. Reckon she kin walk that fur alone.

MARVIN

(TURNS TO FACE JOHN) But the path a free trail, John boy. I reckon I kin walk hit if I wants.

BARBARA TURNS AT C TO WATCH.

JOHN LUNGES FOR MARVIN WHO THROWS HIM TO THE GROUND.

MARVIN

Don't fergit what I showed you 'bout the choppin'. Hit the long easy strokes that cut the most.

MARVIN LAUGHS AND HE AND BARBARA EXIT ULC.

JOHN RISES AND TRIES TO ZAP MARVIN, BUT THE EFFORT ONLY CAUSES HIM PAIN IN HIS ARM. HE CROUCHES AT C.

THE TWO WITCHES DASH ON OVER RAMPS R, AND CHASE JOHN OFF R.

WITCH GIRL

Witch boy!

WITCH BOY

Witch boy! Witch boy!

WITCHES

Witch boy! Witch boy! Witch boy! Witch boy!  
LIGHTS BLACK OUT.

SCENE II

LIGHTS UP ON BARBARA AND JOHN'S BEDROOM SL. BARBARA IS IN THE BED ASLEEP.

MRS. SUMMEY ENTERS UR WITH BUCKET OF WOOD.

UP ON OLD BALDY ALL COVERED WITH SNOW,  
I LOST MY TRUE LOVE FER COURTIN' TOO SLOW,  
OH, COURTIN' IS PLEASURE, BUT PARTIN' IS GRIEF,  
AND A FALSEHEARTED LOVER IS WORSE THAN A THIEF.  
OH, IF MY LOVER IS FAITHFUL, THEN I WILL BE TRUE,  
BUT IF HE GOES ROAMIN' I'LL GO ROAMIN' TOO.  
HE KIN WALK THE WORLD OVER, O'ER LAND AND O'ER SEA,

SHE PUTS BUCKET BY FIREPLACE AND X  
TO BED, SINGS SOFTER, GLANCES AT  
BARBARA, RETURNS TO FIREPLACE TO  
PLACE WOOD IN IT.

I'LL BE WAITIN' FER EVER WITH SOMEONE ELSE ON MY KNEE.  
OH, I WISH I WAS AN APPLE, A-HANGIN' ON A TREE,  
AND EVERY TIME MY TRUE LOVE PASSED HE'D TAKE A BITE OF ME.

MRS. ALLEN

(ENTER DL AND X TO END OF BED) How is she?

MRS. SUMMEY

She are asleep.

MRS. ALLEN

How she take hit when you tole her?

MRS. SUMMEY

I ain't tole her yit. Better let her git her sleep out afore she knows.

MRS. ALLEN

(SIT ON BED) John been here?

MRS. SUMMEY

Nary a sign. Nary a sign a that blackhaired witch.

MRS. ALLEN

He ain't no witch. Leastways we don't know for sartin.

MRS. SUMMEY

I got proof enough to make me shore. I been midwifin' from Hawg Back  
Holler to Chunky Gal fer nigh on fifteen year--ain't nothin' ever happen  
like this afore.

MRS. ALLEN

What you talkin' 'bout?

MRS. SUMMEY

Why, I'm talkin' 'bout her young un.

MRS. ALLEN

Lots a babies git born dead.

MRS. SUMMEY

This here weren't no baby.

MRS. ALLEN

What you mean? Lemme see hit.

MRS. SUMMEY

Hit ain't here.

MRS. ALLEN

Ain't here? What you done to hit?

MRS. SUMMEY

Miz Bergen done tuck it off.

MRS. ALLEN

Well, she hadn't oughter. Hit warn't no kin a hern.

MRS. SUMMEY

I tole her so!

MRS. ALLEN

You tole her to? Why?

MRS. SUMMEY

Hit jes' as well fer you you didn't git no chanst to see hit. Shore am glad hit warn't no grandchild a mine.

MRS. BERGEN ENTERS FROM ULC AND XD TO PLATFORM, LOOKING OVER HER SHOULDER.

MRS. BERGEN

(SITS ON L END OF PLATFORM) I done what you tole me. Hit a-burnin' in the fire.

MRS. ALLEN

(RISE) You mean you burned the baby?

MRS. BERGEN

Hit warn't no baby, Miz Allen. Hit were a witch.

MRS. ALLEN

A witch?

MRS. BERGEN

Ain't no baby ever looked like that. Hit were black all over and didn't have no face hardly, and hit arms was all twisted like the claws of a bat.

MRS. ALLEN

Like the claws of a bat!

MRS. SUMMEY

John a witch, Miz Allen. Ain't no doubt about hit. He a witch shore enough, and he done spelled he own wife.

BARBARA

John? Whar John?

MRS. ALLEN

(XUL OF BED) See, you done woke her. Woke her with yer yellin'.

BARBARA

Whar John, Maw? I wants John.

MRS. ALLEN

He be here right off, honey. They gone to git him.

BARBARA

Whar my baby, Maw? Whar is he? (MRS. ALLEN TURNS AWAY) Whar my baby?

MRS. ALLEN

He dead.

BARBARA

Dead? My baby dead?



MRS. ALLEN

(SITS, ROCKS BARBARA IN HER ARMS) I'm sorry, honey. The Lord he give, and the Lord he take away.

BARBARA

But, Maw, I were real careful. I did jes' like they tole me. I pull on the sheet till the room go black with pain.

MRS. SUMMEY

Hit warn't no fault a yourn, child. Hit were the fruit a yer husband. You couldn't hep what he done.

MRS. ALLEN

Hesh yore mouth!

MRS. SUMMEY

She got to know sometime.

BARBARA

What you mean, Miz Summey? Maw, what Miz Summey mean?

MRS. ALLEN

I tell you sometime, honey, when you strong enough to bear it.

BARBARA

I wanta know now, Maw, if hit got to do with John.

MRS. SUMMEY

Well, she gotta know sometime, if she don't aready, so I reckon I'll tell her. (XL TO END OF BED) Yore husband, he a witch.

BARBARA

No, he ain't! I know folks is a-sayin' so, but hit ain't true.

MRS. SUMMEY

He are a witch, and this here prove hit.

BARBARA

No he ain't! He ain't no witch!

MRS. SUMMEY

Then how come he give you a witch fer a child?

A FAINT EAGLE CRY.

MRS. ALLEN

(SOFTLY) A witch fer a child.

MRS. BERGEN

Hit out thar a-burnin' now in the yard.

BARBARA SCREAMS AND BEGINS SOBBING.

MRS. SUMMEY

Hit the only thing to do when you birth a witch. Hit can't have no funeral in no house a Gawd.

MRS. BERGEN

In no house a Gawd.

MR. ALLEN

(ENTER FROM DL, X TO DL CORNER OF PLATFORM) Well, Maw, I hope you satisfied. This marryin' wasn't no ideer a mine.

MRS. ALLEN

How could I know she was a marryin' a witch?

MR. ALLEN

I coulda told you he were a witch, if you'd only jes' ast me.

BARBARA

He ain't no witch! He ain't no witch!

MR. ALLEN

(XR AND UP TO END OF BED) Hesh up, gal. Course he a witch. And you gonna git outen the house afore hit too late.

BARBARA CRIES AND SINKS INTO HER MOTHER'S ARMS AGAIN.

MRS. ALLEN

You can't move her now, Paw. She jes' been in labor. If you take her outen this bed hit'll kill her shore.

MR. ALLEN

Well, she can't stay here, and that a fact a Jesus.

MRS. SUMMEY

Hit won't hurt nothin', as long as her husband ain't here.

MR. ALLEN

I knowed no good'd come from gittin' married in a general store.

MRS. ALLEN

The milk done spilt, Paw. Hit too late fer cryin'.

MR. ALLEN

Well, hit ain't too late fer to take her home.

BARBARA

This here my home, Paw. I ain't a-goin' to leave hit.

MR. ALLEN

Then whar yer husband, gal?

MRS. BERGEN

I kin tell you whar he be. He out ridin' with the eagles. He out diggin' in the graveyard.

BARBARA

No, he ain't. He ain't no witch.

MRS. SUMMEY

Well, don't you fret too much, child. You jes' rest and git yer strength. You had a hard time in labor, and you done wore yerself plumb out.

HAGGLER

(ENTER URC) Howdy, brethern and sisters.

ALL

Howdy, Preacher Hagglar.

HAGGLER

(STOPPING OUTSIDE R CORNER OF CABIN) Jes' heard the news, so thought I'd stop to pray.

MRS. ALLEN

You a man a Gawd, Preacher Haggler.

HAGGLER

Well, Sister Allen, I looks after my flock. When they sick and afflicted, when they's sinned, and when they's strayed.

MRS. SUMMEY

Hit the Gawd's truth, Lord.

MRS. ALLEN

Preacher Haggler, what we gonna do? My gal she been witched, been married to a witch.

BARBARA

No, I ain't. He ain't no witch.

HAGGLER

Whenever trouble comes upon us, and we don't know what to do, no which way to go, we got to turn to Jesus.

MRS. SUMMEY

Amen. Turn to Jesus.

HAGGLER

(ENTER CABIN, KNEEL AT BED) We got to turn to Jesus. He showed us the way.

MRS. SUMMEY

Yes, show us the way, Lord, show us the way.

HAGGLER

O Gawd, look down on this here woman. She a sinner, Gawd, she a sinner.

MR. ALLEN

Amen.

HAGGLER

She been follerin' after the lust a the flesh. She pleased herself afore she were married. Gawd, she a sinner.

ALL

Amen.

HAGGLER

But Thou in Thy infinite mercy fergive her.

MRS. BERGEN

Fergive her, Lord, fergive her.

HAGGLER

She tuck herself a witch fer a husband, and Lord, he spelled her and he witched her, and she couldn't hep herself. But now he gone and left her.

BARBARA

He ain't left me! He come back.

HAGGLER

So show her what to do, Gawd, to git the sin outa her life.

MRS. ALLEN

Yes, show her what to do, Lord, show her what to do.

HAGGLER

The fires a the devil are ragin' 'round her, but she ain't got no sorrer and she can't repent.

MRS. BERGEN

She can't repent.

MR. ALLEN

She can't repent.

HAGGLER

Take her sin away, Lord, take hit outen her life. Cut hit outen her heart like a cutaway stone.

ALL

Like a cutaway stone, like a cutaway stone.

JOHN APPEARS UP ON THE EDGE OF THE  
L LEG OF THE MOUNTAIN.

JOHN

(XR) What you all doin' here in my house?

BARBARA

John! I knowed you'd come back to me. I knowed hit.

HAGGLER

(RISE) We been prayin' to Gawd to save this gal, this gal that you done witched.

JOHN

I ain't witched her! She my wife!

MRS. ALLEN

Whar you at, boy, while the gal's been in labor?

JOHN

I been outside. I been walkin' up by Old Baldy.

MR. ALLEN

That warn't no place to be while yer wife was beddin' yer own child. Maybe you'd like to know what come of yer child. Well, I kin tell you, witch boy. He a-burnin' in the yard. He a-burnin' with fire, for he were born a witch!

JOHN

(XD TO U OF BED) Git outen my house! All a you, git out!

HAGGLER

We come to hep. That ain't no way to treat us.

JOHN

Git out, I say, if you know what good fer you.

MRS. SUMMEY

I'm a-goin', witch boy. Don't you spell me.

MRS. SUMMEY AND MRS. BERGEN EXIT URC.

MRS. ALLEN EXITS L. JOHN XD AND

THROWS HAGGLER AND MR. ALLEN OUT  
DL.

JOHN

Git on out thar, all of you. And don't be hangin' 'round outside. (TURN L TO BED) What fer they burn my baby? What fer they do a thing like that?

BARBARA

They 'lowed hit a witch.

JOHN

They a-lyin'. Hit were our baby. Hit warn't no witch.

BARBARA

I wish you'd been here to tell 'em so.

JOHN

(TURN R, HURT) I were outside. I were walkin' on the mounting.

BARBARA

Why you leave me, John?

JOHN

I don't know! (PAUSE) Hit jes' that sometimes bein' human's more'n I kin stand. I know hit what I wanta be, but sometimes I feel I jes' got to git away.

BARBARA

Git away from what?

JOHN

I can't explain, Barbara. You wouldn't understand. (XR TO EDGE OF PLAT-FORM) But sometimes after plowin' all day in the sun, I jes' gotta go somewhar alone when hit night--somewhar far off, whar hit dark and black. So I go to Old Baldy. Up thar on the mounting. (HE REACHES UP, TRYING



TO STRETCH HIS BODY INTO THE SPREAD-EAGLE) I look at them stars, all them planets a-twistin' and changin' out thar in space. Then I know that this'n I'm standin' on, hit ain't so much, hit little, hit twistin' and changin' too. And I wanta be somethin' more'n jes' that! So I pretend that things is different, that I ain't the same as I am in the day.

BARBARA

What is hit you pretend, John?

JOHN

(XU OF BED) I can't tell you, Barbara. You wouldn't love me if I tole you.

BARBARA

(TURNS AWAY FROM HIM) No, perhaps you'd better not. Perhaps I know already. Perhaps what all the others is sayin' is true.

JOHN

Sayin' 'bout what?

BARBARA

'Bout the baby. But how could hit be a witch with us both humans?

JOHN

(SITS U OF BED AND TAKE HER IN HIS ARMS) We both humans--now.

BARBARA

What you mean, now?

JOHN

I mean the next time we have a baby hit'll be a human fer shore.

BARBARA

Then hit true what they sayin' Hit true you a witch that first night we met, that night the moon went dark.

JOHN

That were afore the Conjur Woman changed me. I ain't a witch no more.

BARBARA

And are you changed fer allus?

JOHN

I reckon, if you want me.

BARBARA

You won't never change back, will you?

JOHN

That depend on you.

BARBARA

On me?

JOHN

Conjur Woman tole me I could be a human if you'd be faithful to me fer jes' one year.

BARBARA

I ain't never been with no one, not sinst I knowed you.

JOHN

I love you, Barbara Allen. (THEY KISS)

BARBARA

I love you, John.

SHE FALLS ASLEEP IN HIS ARMS; HE PUTS HER BACK DOWN ON THE BED AND STANDS BESIDE THE BED A MOMENT LOOKING AT HER. THEN HE DASHES OUT INTO THE YARD.

THE WITCHES APPEAR ON THE FRONT OF THE MOUNTAIN, WITCH BOY FROM THE ROCK R AND WITCH GIRL FROM BEHIND THE SILHOUETTE L.

WITCH BOY

(XL) So you had a baby, witch boy?

JOHN

(STOPS IN HIS FLIGHT SR) You ain't got no business here. This here ain't no place fer witches.

WITCH BOY

I see she a red head.

JOHN

She got copper hair. What you doin' here?

WITCH BOY

I was flyin' by to look at yore wife.

JOHN

Well, you seen her now. You better git goin'.

WITCH GIRL

John Human! (LAUGHS)

JOHN

What that to you?

WITCH GIRL

Lonesome, ain't you?

WITCH BOY

All humans are. The minute you're a human you want somethin' lastin'.

WITCH GIRL

That's the reason they git married.

WITCH BOY

(KNEELING BEHIND WITCH GIRL) She can't ever know you.

WITCH GIRL

She can't ever understand.

JOHN

(XR AND LEAPS TO TRY TO GET TO WITCH GIRL) Leave me be!

## WITCH GIRL

Miss the moonlight, don't you.

## WITCH BOY

Moonlight's on the mounting.

## WITCH GIRL

(LYING WITH HER HEAD AND SHOULDERS HANGING OFF THE MOUNTAIN) Feels so soft against my shoulders. I been up thar a-layin' in hit and a singin' to myself.

## WITCH BOY

Yer eagle up thar too, boy. He gittin' lonesome.

## WITCH GIRL

(TURNING BACK OVER) She ain't fer you, boy.

## JOHN

(TURNS DS, KNEELS, COVERS EARS) I'm human now!

## WITCH BOY

You can't ever hold her.

## WITCH GIRL

She can't understand. Humans never know each other. Never really find each other.

## WITCH BOY

Kiss her, but you're alone, boy. Kiss her, but you're lost.

## JOHN

(WRITHING UNDER THEIR ASSULT) I ast you to leave me be!

## WITCH GIRL

(XL ONTO ROCK) You're astin' fer all time, boy, instead of jes' to-night.

## WITCH BOY

(XL ONTO ROCK TO HER L) Three hundred years--don't ast fer more.

JOHN

(BEGGING) What you want of me?

WITCH GIRL

(WITH THE POWER OF VICTORY) The earth's a-turnin', boy, to the night when Barbara leave you. Feel hit turnin'? Feel hit turnin'? You'll be sorry, boy. (SHE DISAPPEARS BEHIND SILHOUETTE)

WITCH BOY

You'll be sorry! (HE DISAPPEARS DOWN ESCAPE LADDER L)

JOHN

(ON FLOOR) Barbara. Barbara Allen. (RISES, RUNS L AND THROWS HIMSELF ON THE FOOT OF HER BED) Barbara! Barbara Allen! Barbara! Barbara! Barbara Allen!

LIGHTS FADE OUT, THE CABIN DISAPPEARS  
OFF L.

SCENE III

LIGHTS FADE UP QUICKLY ON THE  
MOUNTAIN.

WITCH BOY

(RUNS UP RAMP R AND SITS ON ROCK R) Conjur Man. Conjur Man.

CONJUR MAN

(OFF R) What that?

WITCH BOY

I got some news fer you.

CONJUR MAN

Whar are you? (APPEARS AT TOP OF RAMP, XL)

WITCH BOY

I'm here. Heard about the revival meetin' at the church to-night?

WITCH GIRL ENTERS UP ESCAPE R AND  
SITS BEHIND WITCH BOY ON THE ROCK.

CONJUR MAN

What you mean?

WITCH BOY

Witch boy gonna lose he bargain and he be a witch agin.

CONJUR MAN

I reckon that'd please you.

WITCH GIRL

I reckon.

CONJUR MAN

That don't mean you'll ever git him back. He'll still be in love with Barbara Allen.

WITCH BOY

(XUL TO R OF SILHOUETTE) Not after she untrue to him. Not after she been faithless with another man.

WITCH GIRL

She break the bargain, and he be a witch agin.

CONJUR MAN

But he still love Barbara. He still love Barbara Allen.

WITCH BOY

Not after she leave him. You fergit that he a human.

WITCH GIRL

(XL TO WITCH BOY) He still a human till he turn back to a witch. And humans, they is different. Thar love can turn to hatin' when the gal untrue.

CONJUR MAN

(ZAPS WITCHES) And Barbara gonna leave him?

WITCH BOY

(KNEELS TO AVOID ZAP) Hit the will a heaven.

WITCH GIRL

(RUNS R TO AVOID ZAP, LAUGHS) Yes, sir. Hit the will a heaven.

CONJUR MAN

(XR TO C) I know hit ain't my business, but I do feel right sorry fer the boy, right sorry.

WITCH BOY

Well, hit'll be the best thing fer him.

WITCH GIRL

He better off with us.

CONJUR MAN

(ZAPS THEM) You ain't got him yit.

WITCH GIRL

But we gits what we goes after.

WITCH BOY

We never lose wunst we make up our mind.

CONJUR MAN

You seem mighty sartin.

WITCH GIRL

We are. You seen him sinst he been changed to a human?

CONJUR MAN

(XDC A STEP) No, I ain't.

WITCH GIRL

(COUNTER L) Well, I reckon you'll git a chanst to soon enough. After church to-night you'll see him.

WITCH BOY

Shore. He be up here a-beggin' to git outen he bargin. He be up here to ast to stay down thar in the valley.



CONJUR MAN

(XR SLOWLY TO ROCK AND SIT ON L SIDE) No he won't neither. He made a bargain and he be true to he word.

WITCH BOY

(XR TO CONJUR MAN) You mighty shore a yer opinion.

CONJUR MAN

I reckon.

WITCH BOY

How would you like a little bet that you wrong?

CONJUR MAN

I ain't averse to hit.

WITCH GIRL

If we lose, we promise to give up the witch boy.

CONJUR MAN

You won't git him anyway, but hit a bet.

WITCH BOY

And if we win, you got to promise to do somethin' fer us.

CONJUR MAN

What is hit you want?

WITCH BOY

The life a Barbara Allen.

THUNDER.

CONJUR MAN

(LAUGHS) You plenty jealous, ain't you.

WITCH GIRL

We ain't got nothin' agin her, but we jes' as soon she dead.

CONJUR MAN

She live a long time. (ZAPS THEM)

WITCHES

(FALLING BACK) You backin' outen the bargain?

WITCH GIRL

(XL IN FRONT OF SILHOUETTE) Thought you said you was mighty shore what John boy would do.

CONJUR MAN

I am shore.

WITCH BOY

Then the bet still on?

CONJUR MAN

Hit still on.

WITCH GIRL

Then you better git ready to change a man back to a witch!

CONJUR WOMAN COMES FROM BEHIND  
SILHOUETTE L.

CONJUR MAN

(RISE, X TO C; WITCH BOY COUNTER R) That ain't none a my doin's. I didn't change him, and hit ain't up to me to change him back. (CONJUR WOMAN RE-TURNS TO BEHIND THE SILHOUETTE) Asides, he ain't lost yit.  
CHURCH BELLS.

WITCH BOY

(XU ONTO ROCK R) Hear the bells a-ringin'? They startin' the revival. Barbara git redemption, and John'll be a witch agin to-night! (JUMPS DOWN BEHIND ROCK; CONJUR MAN EXITS L BEHIND SILHOUETTE)  
LIGHTS FADE ON MOUNTAIN.

SCENE IV

STAINED GLASS WINDOW APPEARS ON  
CYCLORAMA, REST OF STAGE IS DARK.  
AS THE CONGREGATION APPEARS FROM  
BEHIND THE SILHOUETTE EACH MEMBER

PICKS UP THE SONG. THE TEMPO  
OF THE SONG INCREASES AS MORE  
PEOPLE ENTER.

THE ORDER OF APPEARANCE OF THE  
CONGREGATION IS AS FOLLOWS:

MISS METCALF, MR. BERGEN, MRS.  
BERGEN, HATTIE, MARVIN, HANK,  
GREENEY, BURT, MR. SUMMEY, MRS.  
SUMMEY, EDNA, ATKINS, MRS. ALLEN,  
BARBARA, MR. ALLEN, FLOYD.

'TIS THE OLD TIME RELIGION,  
'TIS THE OLD TIME RELIGION,  
'TIS THE OLD TIME RELIGION,  
IT'S GOOD ENOUGH FOR ME.

PREACHER HAGGLER ENTERS ON HIS  
PULPIT, FROM ULC AND IS PUSHED  
INTO PLACE LC. HE HAS HIS BIBLE  
IN ONE UPRAISED HAND AND HIS WIDE-  
RIMMED HAT IN THE OTHER.

IT WAS GOOD FOR OUR MOTHERS,  
IT WAS GOOD FOR OUR MOTHERS,  
IT WAS GOOD FOR OUR MOTHERS,  
IT'S GOOD ENOUGH FOR ME.

IT WAS GOOD FOR THE PROPHET DANIEL,  
IT WAS GOOD FOR THE PROPHET DANIEL,  
IT WAS GOOD FOR THE PROPHET DANIEL,  
IT'S GOOD ENOUGH FOR ME.

AS THEY ENTER THE CHURCH AREA, THE  
MEMBERS OF THE CONGREGATION GET  
BENCHES FROM BEHIND THE LEGS OF  
THE MOUNTAIN AND PLACE ON THE  
STAGE.

MR. BERGEN AND MRS. BERGEN PLACE  
BENCH "E" AND MR. BERGEN AND  
MISS METCALF PLACE BENCH "F".  
(See Figure 14, page 139)

IT WAS GOOD FOR THE HEBREW CHILDREN,  
IT WAS GOOD FOR THE HEBREW CHILDREN,  
IT WAS GOOD FOR THE HEBREW CHILDREN,  
IT'S GOOD ENOUGH FOR ME.

IT WILL DO WHEN I AM DYING,  
IT WILL DO WHEN I AM DYING,  
IT WILL DO WHEN I AM DYING,  
IT'S GOOD ENOUGH FOR ME.

MR. BERGEN PLACES BENCHES "C" AND  
"D". HAGGLER COMES DOWN HIS  
PULPIT TO C AND WELCOMES THE  
NEWCOMERS.

IT WILL TAKE US ALL TO HEAVEN,  
IT WILL TAKE US ALL TO HEAVEN,  
IT WILL TAKE US ALL TO HEAVEN,  
IT'S GOOD ENOUGH FOR ME.

THE CONGREGATION SINGS THE LAST  
VERSE SOFTLY BEHIND THE DIALOGUE.

'TIS THE OLD TIME RELIGION,  
'TIS THE OLD TIME RELIGION,  
'TIS THE OLD TIME RELIGION,  
IT'S GOOD ENOUGH FOR ME.

HAGGLER

(SHAKING HANDS WITH HATTIE) Evenin', Sister Hattie. That a mighty  
fancy dress you're wearin'.

HATTIE

Why, Preacher Hagglar! I ain't a fittin' sight to be seed, and that the  
diggin' fact. (XR AND SIT "C")

MARVIN PLACES BENCHES "A" AND "B"  
AND SITS ON "A".

HANK SITS ON MOURNERS' BENCH IN FRONT  
OF PULPIT.

HAGGLER

Evenin', Sister Greeny. How are you nohow?

GREENY

Evenin', Preacher. (SHE AND BURT SIT ON "F") Good evenin', Sister  
Summey. Glad to see you out.

MRS. SUMMEY

(XL TO GREENY) Evenin' Sister Greeny. I shore am heavy with trouble.  
Revival been goin' on now nigh on a week, and spirit ain't tuck Edna yit,  
not wunst, not nary a time.

MISS METCALF

Keep a-prayin', Sister, keep a-prayin'. Hit might could move her to-night.

MRS. SUMMEY

(SITTING ON "D" WITH EDNA) I shore Gawd hope hit do. (TO EDNA) Git up thar, Edna Summey. Git up thar on the mourners' bench.

EDNA

I ain't got no sorrer yit, Maw. I'm a-settin' here.

HAGGLER

Evenin', Brother Atkins.

ATKINS

Evenin', Preacher Hagglar. Thar a right smart crowd here to-night. (SITS "C")

THE ALLENS ARE HAVING A FAMILY ARGUMENT ON THE RAMPS R.

HAGGLER

Hit the will a Gawd. Lord carry He sheep right into the fold.

MRS. ALLEN WINS THE ARGUMENT AND  
BARBARA RELUCTANTLY FOLLOWS HER  
UP TO THE PREACHER.

HAGGLER

Welcome, Sister Allen. Hit be some time sinst I saw yer daughter Barbara here.

MRS. ALLEN

Hit tuck a fight, Preacher Hagglar, but the Lord won out.

HAGGLER

Praise He holy name! (XU ONTO PULPIT)

GROUP

Amen, Lord, Amen.

MRS. BERGEN

(RISES) Howdy, Miz Allen. So you got Barbara to come after all.

MRS. ALLEN

(XL WITH BARBARA) I drug her here. Hit the first time she been in the Church a Gawd sinst her confinement.

MRS. BERGEN

Well, hit'll do you good, Barbara. Give you peace and rest to your troubled soul.

BARBARA

My soul ain't troubled, Miz Bergen.

MRS. BERGEN SITS.

GREENY

Whar yer husband, gal?

MRS. ALLEN

He wouldn't come. We done tried everythin'. Look like nothin'd move him.

MR. AND MRS. ALLEN AND BARBARA SIT "B".

FLOYD

Said he warn't never puttin' foot in no house a Gawd. (SITS "A")

GREENY

He skeerd to, I reckon.

MRS. BERGEN

Witches can't stand the blood a the Lamb.

MRS. ALLEN

I reckon you right, thar, Sister Bergen.

MRS. SUMMEY

Is she still livin' with him?

MRS. ALLEN

Her paw done tried everythin' to git her to leave. Look like he done witched her for shore.

MRS. BERGEN

Well, the Lord will find a way, Sister. Jes' keep a-prayin'. The Lord will find a way.

MRS. ALLEN

(RISES AND PULLS BARBARA TOWARD MOURNERS' BENCH) Come on, Barbara. We's sittin' on the mourners' bench.

BARBARA

You kin if you want to, but I ain't.

MRS. ALLEN

You'll do like I say.

BARBARA

I won't git religion. Hit won't do no good.

MRS. ALLEN SEATS BARBARA ON MOURNERS'  
BENCH AND STANDS TO HER R.

HAGGLER

Thar is still room on the mourners' bench, room for sinners that want to git saved.

SMELICUE

(ENTERS OVER RAMP, XD AND SITS C OF BENCH) I'm a'comin', Preacher Haggler. I'm a-comin'. Spirit gonna move me to-night fer shore.

(See Figure 14)

HAGGLER

We will start the service with a hymn.

MRS. BERGEN

"As I wander," Preacher Haggler.

HAGGLER

"As I wander by that Lonesome Strand."

GROUP

TAKE MY HAND, TAKE MY HAND, AND LEAD ME TO THE PROMISED LAND,  
O BLESSED JESUS, TAKE MY HA-YA-YAND.  
TAKE MY HAND, TAKE MY HAND, AND LEAD ME THROUGH THE SINKIN' SAND,  
O BLESSED JESUS, TAKE MY HAND.

BURT XDR AND SITS AT HATTIE'S R,  
ATKINS RISES AND SITS BETWEEN  
THEM. BURT RETURNS TO HIS SEAT  
SL.



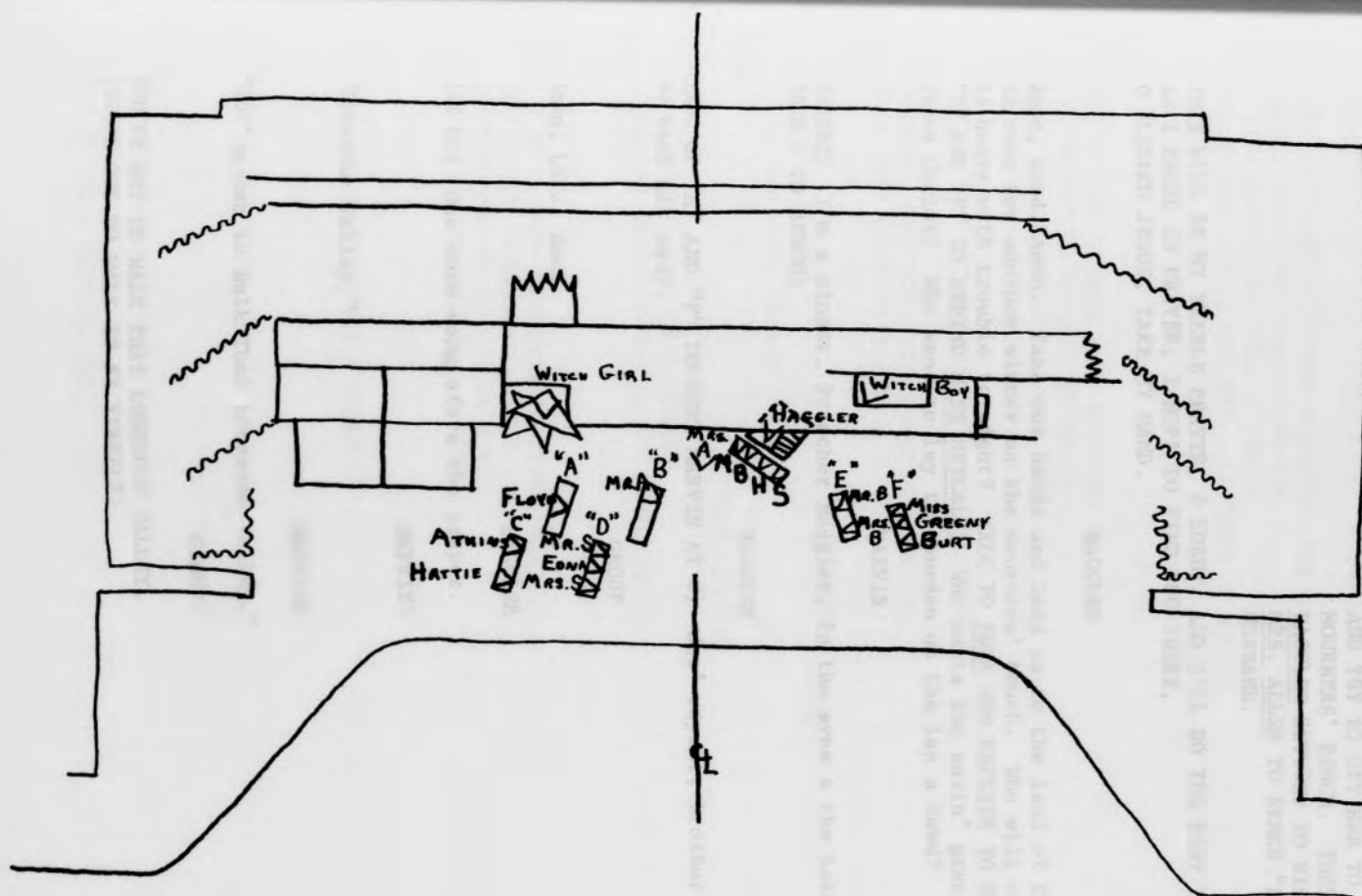


Figure 14

DARK OF THE MOON
$\frac{1}{8}'' = 1'$
BARRY DUDLEY

AS I WANDER BY THAT LONESOME STRAND, THERE IS A FRIEND WHO WAITS FER ME.  
HE WILL COME AND TAKE ME BY THE HAND, HE IS THE CHRIST OF CALVAREE-EE-EE.

HAGGLER AND MRS. ALLEN XD TO EDNA

AND TRY TO GET HER TO GO TO THE  
MOURNERS' BENCH. THEY FAIL AND  
HAGGLER RETURNS TO HIS PULPIT,  
MRS. ALLEN TO BENCH "B" WITH HER  
HUSBAND.

THIS WILL BE MY FEEBLE PRAYER, O LORDY, AND I'LL DO THE BEST I KIN,  
AS I KNEEL IN PRAYER, I HOPE TO FIND YOU THERE,  
O BLESSED JESUS, TAKE MY HAND.

HAGGLER

Amen, Lord, Amen. Take our hands and lead us to the land of Canaan. Thar  
is room fer another sinner on the mourners' bench. Who will come up? Who  
is heavy with trouble to-night? (XDC TO EDNA WHO REFUSES TO MOVE; XUL OF  
"E" AND "F" TO BEHIND MISS METCALF) Who wants the savin' graces the Lord  
Jesus Christ? Who want to lay the burden on the lap a Gawd?

MARVIN

(RISES) I'm a sinner, Preacher Hagglar, in the eyes a the Lord. (XDC AND  
THEN U TO BENCH)

HAGGLER

(XDC OF "E" AND "F" TO MEET MARVIN AT C) Jes' repent, Brother Hudgens, and  
he wash hit away.

GROUP

Amen, Lord, Amen.

HAGGLER

(AT LC) One more song afore the prayer.

HATTIE

"Lonesome Valley."

HAGGLER

"You've Got to Walk That Lonesome Valley."

GROUP

YOU'VE GOT TO WALK THAT LONESOME VALLEY,  
YOU'VE GOT TO WALK IT BY YERSELF,

AIN'T NO ONE TO GO HIT WITH YOU,  
YOU'VE GOT TO WALK IT ALL ALONE.

SMELICUE

(RISES) THAR'S A CROWN A-WAITIN' FER ME,  
WHEN I TELL THIS WORLD GOOD-BYE,  
I WILL LEAVE THIS VALE A SORRER,  
FOR MY MANSION IN THE SKY. (RETURNS TO BENCH)  
HAGGLER XUL OF PULPIT.

GROUP

YOU'VE GOT TO WALK THAT LONESOME VALLEY,  
YOU'VE GOT TO WALK IT BY YERSELF,  
AIN'T NO ONE TO GO HIT WITH YOU,  
YOU'VE GOT TO WALK IT ALL ALONE.

MISS METCALF

(RISES) THAR WERE SEVEN FOOLISH VIRGINS,  
THAR WERE SEVEN WISE AND FAIR.

HAGGLER

It in the book, Sister.

MISS METCALF

SAVE YER OIL FER YER LANTERN,  
WATCH YER STEP AND YOU'LL GIT THAR. (SITS)

GROUP

YOU'VE GOT TO WALK THAT LONESOME VALLEY,  
YOU'VE GOT TO WALK IT BY YERSELF,  
AIN'T NO ONE TO GO HIT WITH YOU,  
YOU'VE GOT TO WALK IT ALL ALONE.

HAGGLER

JOHN THE BAPTIST WAS A PREACHER.

SMELICUE

A preacher, Lord.

HAGGLER

SOME FOLKS SAY HE WAS A JEW,  
SOME FOLKS SAY HE WAS A CHRISTIAN,  
BUT HE WAS A BAPTIST TOO!

GROUP

YOU'VE GOT TO WALK THAT LONESOME VALLEY,  
YOU'VE GOT TO WALK IT BY YERSELF,  
AIN'T NO ONE TO GO HIT WITH YOU,  
YOU'VE GOT TO WALK IT ALL ALONE.

HAGGLER

(AT TOP OF PULPIT) Let us pray, O Gawd, we come here to-night with  
sorrer in our heart. They is sinners in our midst.

MRS. BERGEN

Hit the Gawd's truth, Lord.

HAGGLER

But we know who we kin turn to in this weary land. We know who we kin  
turn to who will lead us from our troubles, who will lift up the load  
with a pierced and bleedin' hand.

GROUP

With a pierced and bleedin' hand, with a pierced and bleedin' hand.

HAGGLER

We know who will lead us from the darkness a the night, from the valley  
of the shadow--

SMELICUE

From the fire a the devil--

HAGGLER

Though our sins be as scarlet, he will wash them as white as snow.

GROUP

He will wash them white as snow, he will wash them white as snow.

HAGGLER

We ast fer mercy fer the sinners on the mourners' bench.

MARVIN, SMELICUE, HANK

O sweet Jesus, show us yer grace.

GROUP

O sweet Jesus, shine yer holy face.

SMELICUE

(FALLS TO KNEES IN FRONT OF BENCH) Hep me, Jesus, take away my sin.

GROUP

Hep him, Jesus, see the trouble he in.

HAGGLER

Moan hit, brother, fer the Lord to hear.

MRS. BERGEN

Repent yer sin fer the Lord to hear.

GROUP

Save him by the grace a Gawd, Lord, save him by the grace a Gawd.

HAGGLER

Uncle Smelicue Jed, confess yer shame.

SMELICUE

(RISE, XD) My pockets so empty and my shoes so wore, that I had to take the cash from the register drawer.

SUMMEYS REACT.

GROUP

He had to take the cash from the register drawer, he had to take the cash from the register drawer!

SMELICUE

Hit were all a two dollar and seventy-five cent, but I bought me new shoes fer to walk in the light, fer to walk in the light a the Lord.

GROUP

He bought him new shoes fer to walk in the light, fer to walk in the light a the Lord.

SMELICUE

But now I'm sorry, and I repent.

MISS METCALF

(RISE AND SIT) He repent, Lord, he repent.

SMELICUE

So please fergive me and save me by grace.

GROUP

Save him by the grace a the heavenly Lamb, by the grace a the heavenly Lamb.

HE'S WASHED IN THE BLOOD AND SAVED BY GRACE,  
SAVED FROM SIN AND SHAME AND DISGRACE,  
HE FELL BY THE WAY, BUT HE TURNED TO GAUD TO PRAY,  
AND HE'S SAVED BY THE BLOOD A THE LAMB.

HAGGLER

Saved, saved. Go and sin no more.

SMELICUE

(RISE, X TO BENCH "C") I'm saved! Halleuiah, I'm saved!

HAGGLER

Thar is others on the mourners' bench. Who will be the next, Lord, who will be next? Does the spirit move you, Hank Gudger? Does the spirit move you to confess yer shame?

HANK

Hit ain't moved me yit.

MRS. SUMMEY

Git up thar with him, Edna Summey. Git up thar with him on the mourners' bench.

EDNA

(SQUIRMING) I ain't got no sorrer. Not yit, I ain't.

MRS. SUMMEY

You can't git hit, gal, till you git on the bench.  
EDNA REFUSES TO BUDGE.

SMELICUE

Git on the bench, Edna, git on the bench.

HAGGLER

We will sing a hymn to hep convict Brother Gudger a his sin.

MRS. SUMMEY

"No, Never Alone."

HAGGLER

"No, Never Alone."

GROUP

NO, NEVER ALONE,  
NO, NEVER ALONE,  
HE PROMISED NEVER TO LEAVE ME,  
NEVER TO LEAVE ME ALONE;

HAGGLER REMOVES COAT AND TRIES  
TO TALK HANK INTO CONFESSING.

NO, NEVER ALONE,  
NO, NEVER ALONE,  
HE PROMISED NEVER TO LEAVE ME,  
NEVER TO LEAVE ME ALONE.

HAGGLER

(STEPS D) One more chorus and the Lord'll have him! (RETURNS TO HANK)

GROUP

(WITH RENEWED ENERGY) NO, NEVER ALONE,  
NO, NEVER ALONE,  
HE PROMISED NEVER TO LEAVE ME,  
NEVER TO . . . .

HANK

(LEAPS FROM BENCH, XDC AND KNEELS) I'm convicted! I'm convicted!

GROUP

Halleluiah, he convicted a sin!



HAGGLER

(ON STEPS OF PULPIT) Hank Gudger, confess yer shame.

HANK

I see the fires a hell come at me. I hear 'em roar. I feel 'em burn.

HAGGLER

Tell yer sin to Jesus, to him you should turn.

GROUP

To him you should turn, to him you should turn.

HAGGLER

He put out the fire with he own red blood. Lay yer burden down, he wash hit with the Flood.

EDNA

(REALIZING THAT HANK IS GOING TO TELL THEIR SECRET) The spirit done tuck hold! I got sorrer and shame!

MRS. SUMMEY

Praise be to Gawd, my daughter repent!

HAGGLER

Come on down, Sister Summey, to the mourners' bench.

EDNA

(KNEEL R OF HANK) I'm a-comin', Lord, I'm a-comin'.

HAGGLER

Continue, Brother Gudger. Tell the Lord yer shame.

EDNA

Hit my shame, too. Hit my shame, too.

MISS METCALF

Praise the Lamb a Gawd, they's shamed together!

HANK

We was in the barn, a-shuckin' dry corn.

EDNA

Cawn shucks soft, cawn shucks warm.

HANK

Her breast so firm and full and high, then we pleased ourselves in the barn.

GROUP

They pleased tharselves in the barn. Lord, they pleased tharselves in the barn.

MRS. BERGEN AND HER HUSBAND LISTEN  
ATTENTATIVELY. MR. AND MRS. SUMMEY  
ARE MORTIFIED.

EDNA

We pleased ourselves fer an hour and a quarter. We pleased ourselves till hit milkin' time.

GROUP

Milkin' time! Milkin' time!

HANK

But now we sorry, and we repent.

MRS. SUMMEY

They repent, Lord, they repent.

EDNA

So please fergive us and save us by grace.

GROUP

Save 'em by the grace a the heavenly Lamb, by the grace a the heavenly Lamb.

HANK AND EDNA TUMBLE TO THE FLOOR.  
MR. SUMMEY PICKS HANK UP OFF HIS  
DAUGHTER BY HIS BELT AND PUTS HIM

ON BENCH "A". EDNA, MUCH  
CHASTIZED, JOINS HER PARENTS ON  
"D".

GROUP

THEY'S WASHED IN THE BLOOD AND SAVED BY GRACE.  
SAVED FROM SIN AND SHAME AND DISGRACE.  
THEY FELL BY THE WAY, BUT THEY TURNED TO GAWD TO PRAY,  
AND THEY'S SAVED BY THE BLOOD A THE LAMB!

HAGGLER

Saved, saved. Go and sin no more.

MRS. ALLEN

(RISE, XU TO PULPIT) Oh Gawd, save my child.

THE CONGREGATION FREEZES; THE WITCHES  
APPEAR OVER THE EDGE OF THE  
MOUNTAIN, WITCH GIRL R AND WITCH  
BOY L. AUTOHARP SOUNDS.

HAGGLER

Sister Allen, what is yer sorrer?

MRS. ALLEN

I got a daughter, Lord, who strayed from the path, but she got no shame  
and she won't repent.

HAGGLER

Lay yer burden on the Lord, He understand.

MRS. ALLEN

(XD) I brung up Barbara in the ways a Gawd, but a witch boy spelled her,  
and tuck her soul away.

MR. ALLEN

(RISE) That's the Lord's truth. She been witched.

MRS. ALLEN

She bedded he child, but she bore him a witch, and we had to burn hit  
with fire in the yard.

GROUP

(LEANING FORWARD ON EACH ACCENTED WORD) They had to 'burn hit with 'fire in the 'yard.

MR. ALLEN SITS.

MRS. ALLEN

But she won't leave the witch boy. She live in the house. (BACK TO HAGGLER) So take away the spell, Gawd, and save my child.

HAGGLER

The Lord'll unspell her in He own way. Jes' listen fer the voice a the Lord.

BARBARA

(RISES) He might could have spelled me, but I don't care!

MRS. ALLEN XR.

GROUP

She 'witched fer shore, she 'witched fer shore.

BARBARA

(XD, FACES ONE SIDE THEN THE OTHER) He wunst were a witch, but he ain't no more! Conjur Woman change him to a man.

HAGGLER

Wunst you're a witch you can't git changed. Thar ain't no changin' a witch to a man.

HAGGLER PULLS THE CONGREGATION UP ON EACH ACCENTED WORD.

GROUP

'That right, Lord, thar 'ain't no changin'.

BARBARA

Conjur Woman change him, change him fer shore.

HAGGLER

What he have to do to git changed?

BARBARA

(TURN UP TO HIM) Hit warn't jes' him. (TURN D TO GROUP) I have to be faithful to him fer a year. And the year up to-night.

GROUP

(TO EACH OTHER) Hit ain't up yit. Hit ain't up yit.

HAGGLER

And if you ain't, what happen then?

BARBARA

Then he change back to a witch. But thar ain't no fear fer that. I'll keep my promise. I'll be true.

HAGGLER

(UP TO THE TOP OF PULPIT) The Lord He speakin' in a mighty voice. The Lord He tellin' me what to do!

MRS. ALLEN

What He say, Preacher Hagglar? What He say?

HAGGLER

Barbara Allen, (BARBARA FACES U) you a handmaiden a Gawd. You got to hep this valley and rid us of a witch.

GROUP

A witch!

FLOYD AND MR. BERGEN RISE ON  
"WITCH."

BARBARA

(TURNS L TO MR. BERGEN) But he ain't no witch. He a man!

HAGGLER

He change back to a witch, and then he leave us be. You gotta break the spell and change him back.

BARBARA

(TO HER PARENTS) But I promised him I'd be true!  
MR. ALLEN RISES. BARBARA BACKS TO C.

HAGGLER

The Lord He talkin', Barbara Allen. Listen to He voice tell you what to do. You been walkin' in the valley a the shadow a darkness.

BARBARA

(TO DL) John! I need John!

MISS METCALF RISES TO BLOCK HER  
ESCAPE WITH A SPREAD-EAGLE LIKE  
THE WITCHES.

MRS. ALLEN

He can't hep you now, gal.

BARBARA

He hep me if I find him. (XR)

EDNA AND ATKINS RISE AND BLOCK HER  
ESCAPE WITH SPREAD-EAGLES.

MRS. BERGEN

He don't love you no more, gal.

HAGGLER

You need the love a Gawd.

BARBARA

John still love me! (XU TO ALLEN C)

MR. ALLEN

(RISES, BLOCKS HER WAY) Then how come he give you a witch fer a child?

MARVIN

And why ain't he with you?

HAGGLER

He ain't here at church.

GROUP

He ain't here at church.

MR. SUMMEY AND BURT RISE.

BARBARA

He can't come to church.

GROUP

Hit cause he a 'witch, hit cause he a 'witch!

SMELICUE AND MRS. BERGEN RISE.

BARBARA

(TO HAGGLER) Oh, Preacher Haggler, what kin I do?

HAGGLER

(LEANING DOWN OVER THE PULPIT) You can't go agin the will a Gawd. The Lord He speakin' in a mighty voice.

MARVIN

(RISES) Preacher Haggler! I come here to-night to repent a my sin, but the Lord He tell me hit ain't no sin.

GROUP

'Ain't no sin, 'ain't no sin.

MRS. SUMMEY, GREENY, HANK, AND  
HATTIE RISE.

MARVIN

I come here to repent a sin a lust. I been lustin' after a married woman, lustin' fer the flesh a Barbara Allen. But the Lord He tell me hit ain't no sin.

GROUP

'Ain't no sin, 'ain't no sin.

BARBARA

(RUNNING DR) John! John!

EDNA, ATKINS, AND MRS. SUMMEY BLOCK  
HER WITH SPREAD-EAGLES.

HAGGLER

Git on yer knees, git and hear the voice a the Lord.



## GROUP

(MOVING IN ON BARBARA, A STEP ON EACH ACCENTED WORD) Git 'on yer knees,  
git 'on yer knees, git 'on yer knees and git 'washed in the blood.

## HAGGLER

Show her, Gawd, the fruit a her sin!

## GROUP

(STILL ADVANCING, SOME OVER BENCHES) Hep her, Gawd, see the 'trouble she  
in!

## HAGGLER

Listen to the Lord, He ease yer pain, wash away yer sin like the mountain  
rain.

## GROUP

Like the 'mountain rain, like the 'mountain rain.

## HAGGLER

Git on yer knees and confess yer shame.

## BARBARA

What kin I do? What kin I do?

## HAGGLER

Ast the hep a Gawd, He see you through.

## GROUP

'Tell yer sin to Gawd. He's 'shore to hear.

## HAGGLER

Wash her in the blood a the Lamb, Lord.

## GROUP

Wash her in the blood a the Lamb!

PAUSE. THEY ARE IN A CIRCLE AROUND  
BARBARA, THEIR HANDS AND ARMS  
EXTENDED TOWARD HER.

BARBARA

(FALLS ON HER KNEES) Oh, my Jesus, take my sin away!

GROUP

(ARMS AND HANDS THROWN UP IN THE AIR) Halleluiah, Lord, she startin' to pray!

HAGGLER

Moan hit, sister, fer the Lord to hear. He died on the cross to save you from sin. Marvin's here to hep you, jes' turn to him.

MARVIN

That right, Barbara, hit the will a Gawd.

BARBARA TURNS TO FACE MARVIN TOWERING OVER HER.

GROUP

It the will a Gawd! The will a Gawd!

MARVIN

Feel my arms around you. They fer comfort and joy.

HE PICKS BARBARA UP AND SHE STRADDLES HIS WAIST.

BARBARA

John! John!

(See Figures 15 and 16)

GROUP

(CLOSE IN AROUND THE TWO) Halleluiah, Lord, she saved by the grace, she saved by the grace a the heavenly Lamb, by the grace a the heavenly Lamb. BARBARA AND MARVIN SINK TO THE FLOOR AND THE GROUP AGAIN CLOSES IN ON THEM.

THE PIANO STRIKES A NOTE TWENTY-THREE TIMES. THE CONGREGATION LEAVE ON THE FOLLOWING SCHEDULE:

- 1
- 2
- 3

Figure 15

Date of this Mass	8-1-1	County District
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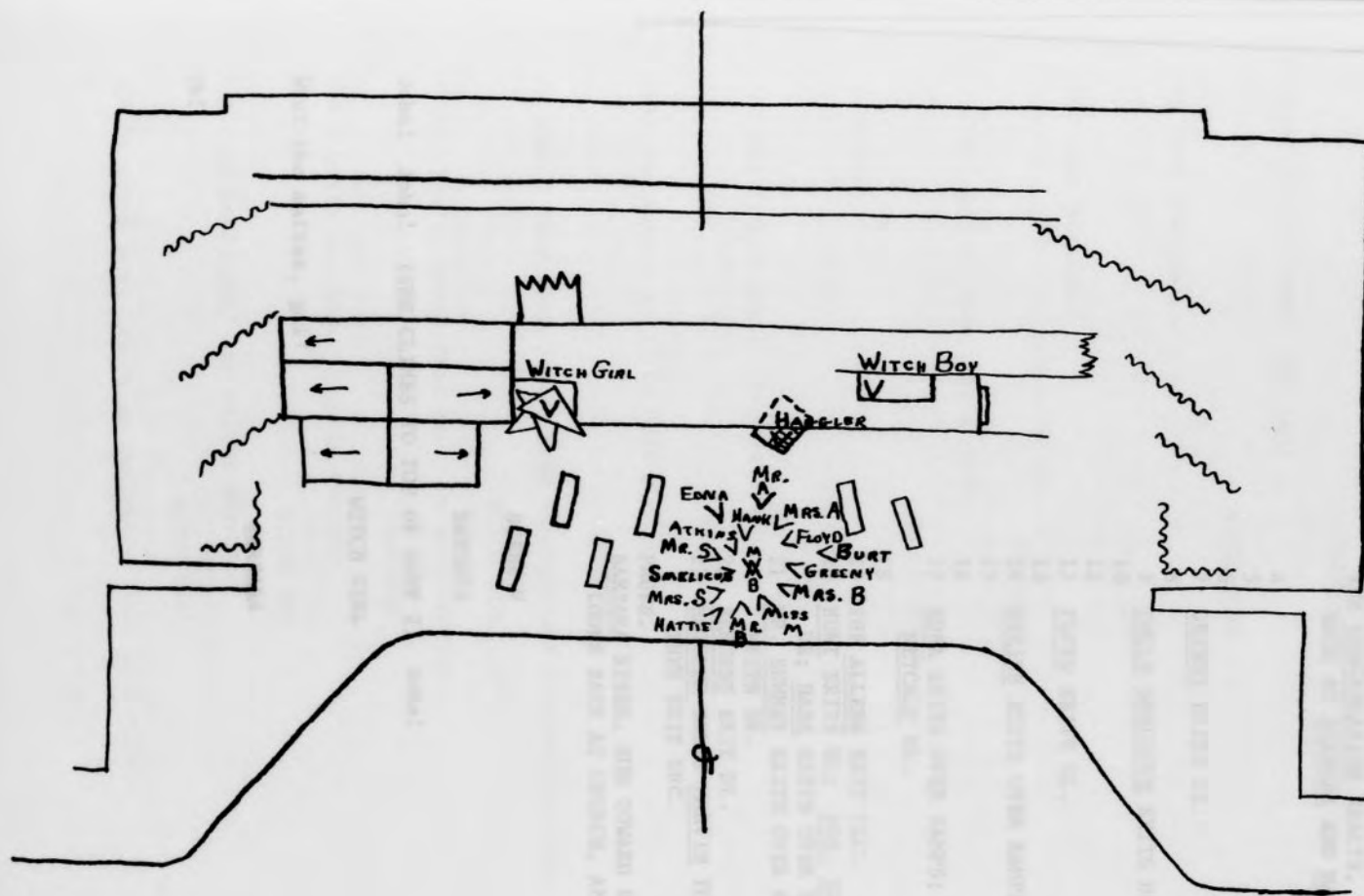


Figure 16

DARK OF THE MOON
$\frac{1}{8}'' = 1'$
BARRY DUDLEY

JOHN

(FROM FAR OFF UL) Barbara! Barbara Allen!

THE CONGREGATION REACTS, THEN LOOKS  
BACK AT BARBARA AND MARVIN.

4

5

6

7 GREENY EXITS UL.

8

9 UNCLE SMELICUE EXITS DR.

10

11

12 FLOYD EXITS UL.

13

14 ATKINS EXITS OVER RAMPS.

15

16

17 EDNA EXITS OVER RAMPS; MISS  
METCALF DL.

18

19 THE ALLENS EXIT ULC.20 BURT EXITS UL; MRS. SUMMEY EXITS  
DR; HANK EXITS OVER RAMPS.21 MR. SUMMEY EXITS OVER RAMPS; HATTIE  
EXITS DR.22 BERGENS EXIT DL.23 HAGGLER HELPS MARVIN TO HIS FEET;  
THEY EXIT URC.

PAUSE.

BARBARA RISES, XUR TOWARD RAMPS, PAUSES,  
LOOKS BACK AT CHURCH, AND CLIMBS.

SCENE V

BARBARA

John! John! (SHE CLIMBS TO TOP OF RAMP 2) John!

WITCH GIRL

What the matter, gal?

BARBARA

Oh!

WITCH BOY

(XR U OF ROCK) Is you skeerd?

BARBARA

(LOOKING FOR THEM) Who you?

WITCH GIRL

We know you, gal.

WITCH BOY

Her name Barbara.

BARBARA

(SITS) You witches, ain't you?

WITCH BOY

I reckon.

BARBARA

You ain't seed John! You ain't seed my husband?

WITCH BOY

What the matter gal? He left you?

BARBARA

He warn't thar when I left home to-night and I gotta find him.

WITCH GIRL

(XUL) You'll never find him. He gone ferever.

BARBARA

But I gotta see him. I gotta explain.

WITCH BOY

Ain't no explainin' the will a heaven.

WITCH GIRL

(XD OF WITCH BOY) Ain't no explainin' that to a witch.

BARBARA

John ain't no witch. He a human.

WITCH GIRL

You mighty shore.

BARBARA

He wouldn't change hisself back to a witch without first tellin' me goodbye.

WITCH BOY

(XL TO WITCH GIRL) He left you, gal. He gone ferever.

BARBARA

I gotta see him. Can't you tell me? Can't you tell me whar he be?

WITCH BOY

(XD RAMP 3 A STEP) He don't wanna see you, gal.

WITCH GIRL

(XD RAMP BEHIND WITCH BOY AND A STEP TO HIS R) He don't wanta see you, after to-night.

BARBARA

I couldn't help it. They made me do hit.

WITCH BOY

But you broke yer promise, and he lost he bargain. The Conjur Woman gonna make him pay. (XU ONTO MOUNTAIN)

BARBARA

Ain't thar nothin' I kin do to stop hit?

WITCH BOY

Ain't nothin'.

WITCH GIRL

(BACK UP RAMP TO WITCH BOY) You better git on back down to the valley.



BARBARA

No, John here somewhar, and I'll find him. (RISES, XD RAMP 3) John!  
John!

WITCH BOY

You'll never find him, gal.

WITCH GIRL

(SITTING ON ROCK, LAUGHING) He gone ferever. He done left the valley.

WITCH BOY

(SWAYING BACK AND FORTH) The valley so low.

WITCH GIRL

Hang yer head low, gal.

WITCH BOY

Feel the wind blow.

WITCH GIRL

Feel the wind blowin'.

WITCH BOY

Feel the wind blow.

CONJUR MAN

(ENTERS UP RAMP 2) You still up thar?

WITCH GIRL

We kin wait ferever to git our way.

CONJUR MAN

Who that gal that jes' went by?

WITCH GIRL

That Barbara Allen. She come here lookin' fer John.

WITCH BOY

Pore gal. She be daid afore tomorrer.

WITCH GIRL

She be daid afore hit light.

CONJUR MAN

You mighty sartin.

WITCH GIRL

Ain't never lost a bet.

WITCH BOY

(XRC) Don't make 'em lest we sartin.

CONJUR MAN

Well, we'll see. We'll wait and see.

WITCH BOY AND WITCH GIRL BACK TO  
UR EDGE OF MOUNTAIN AS JOHN  
CLIMBS UP LADDER L.

JOHN

(XC QUICKLY) Whar the-- (SEES CONJUR MAN, XR) Whar the Conjur Woman?

CONJUR MAN

What the matter?

JOHN

I got to see the Conjur Woman.

CONJUR MAN

Livin' in the valley I reckon warn't so easy, warn't so easy as ridin' on an eagle in the night. I done all I could to tell you, but you wouldn't listen. And now you sorry. (AT THE TOP OF RAMP 3)

JOHN

No, I ain't. But I gotta see the Conjur Woman. I gotta ast her somethin'.

CONJUR MAN

You better not ast her nothin'. You better leave her be.

JOHN

Then she change me back to a witch.

CONJUR MAN

What fer?

JOHN

Cause I lost our bargain.

WITCH BOY

So Barbara been off with another man.

THE WITCHES LAUGH.

JOHN

You keep outen this.

CONJUR MAN

(XU OF JOHN) Then I reckon you mad at her.

JOHN

I ain't mad at her. I couldn't git mad at Barbara Allen.

CONJUR MAN

Then you still love her?

JOHN

I'll allus love her.

CONJUR MAN

Even when you change back to a witch?

JOHN

Even then, I reckon.

WITCH BOY

(XC) Suppose she git married to someone else?

JOHN

What you got to do with this?

WITCH BOY

(XR) I'm waitin' fer somethin' you gonna do.

JOHN

I ain't doin' nothin' that you got to do with.

CONJUR MAN

Let me warn you, witch boy--

WITCH GIRL

You can't tell him, Conjur Man. That breakin' our bargain.

JOHN

(X TO CONJUR MAN) Bargain? What bargain? Tell me, Conjur Man.

CONJUR MAN

Leave here, John, and don't never come back.

JOHN

But I got to see the Conjur Woman. I got to ast her somethin'.

CONJUR MAN

Don't do hit, witch boy. I'm a warnin' you.

JOHN

(XUL) I don't want yore warnin'. You told me not to be a human. You were agin hit all along.

CONJUR MAN

Hit were fer yer good I tole you.

CONJUR WOMAN

(OFF UL) Is that you, John?

JOHN

(XR) Conjur Woman!

CONJUR WOMAN

(ENTERS L, SDC) I were expectin' you here to-night. I'm glad to see you kept yer promise.

JOHN

(XR OF CONJUR WOMAN) Hit about that I come to see you.

WITCH BOY

(XDC) Go on, ast her!

CONJUR MAN

(WARNING) John!

JOHN

I wants you to give me another chanst--

CONJUR MAN

No, John, wait!

JOHN

Let me be a human jes' a little while longer.

CONJUR MAN TURNS AND SLOWLY XUR.  
WITCHES SPREAD-EAGLE. (See  
Figure 17)

WITCH BOY

We've won!

WITCH GIRL

See, Conjur Man. We've won!

JOHN

What you talkin' about?

WITCH BOY

We've won the life a Barbara Allen.

Figure 17

MICH GIRL



JOHN

(XR TO WITCHES) How come?

WITCH GIRL

We knowed you'd want to go back on your promise. We bet the Conjur Man you would. We've won her life, and we wants to be paid afore hit mornin'.

JOHN

(XR, RAPIDLY AND ANGRY) What hit to you to have Barbara's life?

WITCH GIRL

We ain't jes' winnin' her life. We bringin' you back. Bringin' you back to the moonlight and us.

JOHN

No, you ain't.

WITCH BOY

To the moonlight, and us.

JOHN

That ain't fer me.

WITCH GIRL

(KNEELS AT HIS FEET, RUNS HER HANDS ON HIS LEGS AND SIDES) Remember, John boy, can't you remember? Remember those nights up thar in the sky, you in my arms on the screamin' wind--how free we all was then. Can't you remember?

JOHN

(THROWS HER DL) But hit's over. Hit's finished!

WITCH BOY

(XUL, PICK WITCH GIRL UP) Hit's jes' the beginnin'. When you a witch agin, you'll see things different.

JOHN

But I'll allus remember, and I'll allus love her.



WITCH BOY

You'll change your mind. (EXIT UL OF SILHOUETTE)

WITCH GIRL

We'll be a-waitin'. (EXIT UL OF SILHOUETTE)

JOHN

(TO CONJUR MAN) If Barbara die, let me die with her.

CONJUR MAN

You a witch, and you gotta live out yer time.

CONJUR WOMAN

Are you ready, John boy, ready fer the changin'? Hit time to be turned back to a witch.

JOHN

(UR) Give me jes' a little longer.

CONJUR WOMAN

The year up to-night. She got to be dead afore the new day.

JOHN

Don't let her see me wunst I'm a witch.

CONJUR MAN

You turn to a witch the minute she die. (EXIT DL)

JOHN

(XUR) I'll see her agin. I'll fly to her on my eagle.

CONJUR WOMAN

Not yit you can't fly. You still a human.

BARBARA

(OFF DR) John!

## CONJUR WOMAN

(XL) The moon, witch boy! When the moon break through the clouds, you'll be a witch agin. (EXIT L ABOVE SILHOUETTE)

BARBARA

(ENTERS OVER RAMP, X TO C) John! (SENSES JOHN BEHIND HER) John.

JOHN

We met afore, Barbara Allen. The night the wind came up and the moon went dark. Remember?

BARBARA

I remember.

JOHN

And thar ain't no moon to-night.

BARBARA

(TURNS TO HIM AND XR) And thar a wind.

JOHN

Remember yer ballad? You said hit wouldn't be sad. You allus like the gay ones best.

BARBARA

(EMBRACES HIM) I'm sorry. I'm sorry I spiled the ballad.

JOHN

(SITS ROCK R WITH HER IN HIS LAP) Hit ain't spiled. Hit jes' ends sad. What matters is the singin', and hit still a good song.

BARBARA

All about a witch boy who tried to be human.

JOHN

And the gal he witched, who was untrue.

BARBARA

(IN TEARS) I couldn't hep it. They made me do hit. They said hit were the will a Gawd.

JOHN

The will a Gawd. I don't know that. I ain't no Christian.

BARBARA

Take me with you, John, take me with you. Hit don't matter whar you go, hit don't matter how fur hit be. Take me out a the valley. I want to be with you.

JOHN

Hit wouldn't hep none. Not now hit won't.

BARBARA

What you mean, John?

JOHN

You gotta die, Barbara Allen.

BARBARA

I gotta die?

JOHN

(XUL) Jes' like the ballad, the song you was singin'. Someone gotta die when the song ends sad.

BARBARA

Ain't thar nothin' I kin do to change hit?

JOHN

Ain't nothin' now. Song almost sung.

BARBARA

(RISE, X TO HIM) Not yit. Hit ain't time yit.

JOHN

We ain't got much longer. When the moon breaks through I'll be a witch agin.

BARBARA

Promise you'll find me. Promise you'll come.

JOHN

I can't promise that. A witch got no soul. Three hundred years, then jes' fog on the mountain.

BARBARA

Ain't nothin' else?

JOHN

Ain't nothin' else.

BARBARA

(REMOVES HER RING, XL OF JOHN) Take my ring, John, the ring you gave me. Hit got a green stone that shine in the dark.

JOHN

Our weddin' ring, from the day we was married.

BARBARA

Promise you'll wear hit, you'll wear hit always. (HE PUTS IT ON)

JOHN

Somethin' from the time when I warn't no witch, from the days I worked in the burnin' sun, from the nights I held you here in my arms, (HE TAKES HER IN HIS ARMS) and we talked of the baby we was gonna have. We said he'd have blue eyes.

BARBARA

Fergive me, John, fergive me.

JOHN

(PULLS AWAY AND HOLDS HER AT ARMS LENGTH) Hit the last night I kin look at you jes' like you are now, the last time I kin reach out and take yer hand, the last time I kin hold you in my arms (PULLS HER IN TO HIM) and feel yer breath warm against my cheek--

EAGLE CRIES LOUDLY.

BARBARA

What that I hear, John? High overhead, like the flappin' a wings?

JOHN

Hit my eagle! He comin' with the moonlight. He comin' down to git me!

BARBARA

(HIDING IN HIS ARMS) Hit come so quick! Hit come so quick!

JOHN

The moon! The moon, Barbara! I kin almost see hit.

BARBARA

I'm skeerd! I'm skeered a dyin'. (SHE STUMBLES)

JOHN

Barbara!

BARBARA

(FAINTLY) Hold me, John.

HE KISSES HER. SHE DIES. HE SLOWLY  
PLACES HER DLC AT THE EDGE OF THE  
MOUNTAIN.

JOHN

Hit the end a the singin'. Ain't nothin' left. None a the words.

THE LIGHT FROM THE MOON BURSTS UPON  
HIM. HE SPREAD-EAGLES TO FEEL  
THE RAYS AGAIN. THE WITCHES  
RUN ON FROM U OF THE SILHOUETTE  
AND SPREAD-EAGLE BEHIND HIM.

WITCHES

Witch boy!

WITCH BOY

We come fer you, witch boy.

WITCH GIRL

Yer eagle waitin' fer you. He here to take you back.

WITCH BOY

(SEES THE RING ON JOHN'S UPRaised HAND) Whar you git that ring, boy?

WITCH GIRL

Hit got a green stone, and hit shine in the dark.

JOHN

(REMOVES RING AND LOOKS AT IT) I got hit--I got hit from the grave a Agnes Riddle. (THEY LAUGH) I cut it off the finger of her cold, dead hand.

WITCH GIRL

Let me wear hit, witch boy. Let me keep hit fer you.

JOHN

(STARTS TO REFUSE, THEN GIVES IT TO HER) All right, I reckon.

WITCH GIRL XL FAST TO D OF  
SILHOUETTE.

WITCH BOY

(FOLLOWING HER) Come, witch boy. Time to go.

JOHN

(XR ONTO ROCK) Look at the moon! (XL TO RUN OFF BUT STOPS TO LOOK AT BARBARA'S HAIR. RUNS HIS FINGERS THROUGH IT, THEN STANDS AND PUSHES HER WITH HIS FOOT. HER HEAD FALLS OUT OVER THE MOUNTAIN.)

WITCH GIRL

John!

WITCH BOY

Witch boy!

THE EAGLE CRIES. JOHN AND THE  
WITCHES EXIT L.  
BLACKOUT.  
CURTAIN.

END OF ACT TWO

## CURTAIN CALL

CURTAIN UP, LIGHTS UP.

ELLA, HATTIE, ATKINS, MR. BERGEN,  
JENKINS, BURT, MRS. BERGEN  
ENTER UNDER MOUNTAIN AND BREAK R.  
GREENY, MR. SUMMEY, MRS. SUMMEY,  
FLOYD, MISS METCALE, HANK, EDNA  
ENTER UNDER MOUNTAIN AND BREAK L.

MR. ALLEN, MRS. ALLEN, MARVIN,  
SMELICUE ENTER UNDER MOUNTAIN  
AND SPLIT L AND R IN FRONT OF  
FIRST GROUPS.

CONJUR MAN, CONJUR WOMAN AND  
WITCHES ENTER FROM BEHIND SIL-  
HOUETTE ON MOUNTAIN AND SPLIT  
L AND R.

JOHN AND BARBARA ENTER FROM BEHIND  
SILHOUETTE ON MOUNTAIN AND XDC.  
HAGGLER ENTER FROM UNDER MOUNTAIN  
AND XDC.

COMPANY BOW OFF HAGGLER.

BLACKOUT.

CURTAIN.

END OF PLAY



## PART III

## CRITICAL EVALUATION

The best-laid schemes of mice and men gang aft agly.

--Robert Burns

Relationships Between Director and Actors and Staff

Actors

Park of the Moon engaged the talents of approximately fifty students for twenty-three rehearsal days. In that time, the director encountered several challenging problems. Of the twenty-three actors cast, only two gave the director any serious concern. One leading actor became so absorbed in his part that he failed to develop a concept of the play as a whole. While more than **PART III** his own role, his lack of union with the rest of the cast adversely affected those playing in scenes with him. Consequently, people who worked closely on the production always felt a bit of foreignness in his character. It is one of the director's regrets that she was never able to reach this actor.

A second and more serious conflict arose with the actor who read for the lead; not cast in that role, he was never content to play another one. He would neither create character actions of his own nor attempt the actions the director gave him. At note sessions after rehearsals, his constant comments became an annoyance to the other actors and an embarrassment, and eventually a hindrance, to the director. She now realizes that she should have dismissed the actor from the company a week after rehearsals began.

## PART III

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In addition to these relative failures, a number of accomplishments were most satisfying to the director. The inexperience of the actor who played Preacher Haggler gave considerable concern to the production staff the first week of rehearsal. His natural lankiness suited the character of Preacher Haggler, but when the director drew the actor's attention to that fact, he became quite awkward in his movements. In order to combat his awkwardness, the director decided to emphasize his control over the valley people. As he became more aware of the power Preacher Haggler possessed, he became eager to master anything that enhanced the insidious evil of the character. When he decided that a vulture image was appropriate to his character, his walk and mannerisms fell into place quickly.

The director feels she was successful in handling another problem. The young man who played Marvin Hudgens was rather reserved in nature. It was difficult enough to make him a convincing bully, and even more difficult to help him perform the rape scene believably. The director saw in the actor a love of theatre that she attempted to use to the advantage of the play. The more she emphasized "for the good of the character and therefore of the play," the better the actor worked. Although his final presentation was not perfect, it was a most impressive achievement.

#### Staff

The actors were not the only artists working on the play that the director had to deal with. She had never worked with a musical director before, and she failed to communicate properly with him. In

the director's opinion, a major weakness of the production was a result of this lack of communication. The poor integration of the songs into the story compromised the believability of the valley scenes. When the songs were treated correctly, as was Mrs. Allen's "A Pore Gal Left Her Mother," they were natural happenings of the characters, and the audience accepted them. But the use of a musical chord to start a song broke the concentration of the audience. If she had it to do over again, the director would place the musical accompaniment onstage within the action of the play.

Also, the musical direction would begin the same day rehearsals began. A late start, necessitated by previous commitments of the musical director, left insufficient time for evaluating the effect of the music which preceded the first act. This music should have established the general background of the play. For Dark of the Moon instrumental versions of mountain tunes would have sufficed. Unfortunately the music was obtrusive. It changed from traditional mountain tunes played on strings and wind instruments to discordant piano music, and created the feeling of tension that the opening song should have introduced later. Instead, the opening song proved anticlimactic.

Fortunately, the communication problem which existed between the director and the musical director did not exist between the director and the scenic designer. The designer intended the settings to provide certain visual effects which depended on having the witches onstage, unnoticed until they spoke or moved. The director and designer encountered several problems with this strategy, but together devised effective solutions.

### Style

The director chose Dark of the Moon as her thesis production partly because of the stylistic possibilities inherent in the script. The play presents a conflict between relatively realistic humans and unrealistic, supernatural beings, and provides the director with an unusual problem in interpretative balance. The people in the valley and the witches are separate elements which the director must unify in order to achieve a successful production. The primary agent of unification is the love story of John and Barbara.

Post-production criticism seemed to suggest that this unification was not wholly successful, that the worlds of realism and fantasy do not belong in a single play. The author agrees that current theatre aesthetics do not permit a dichotomy in style, but Dark of the Moon is about two different worlds and one man's attempt to cross the bounds between the two. Therefore the director feels justified in attempting to emphasize the differences between these worlds by employing two styles of production.

According to accepted theatre practice, a director could approach Dark of the Moon from either of the two worlds of the play. On the one hand, the play is set primarily in the valley. The world of witches and conjur people exists as the valley people see it. In all likelihood, none of the valley dwellers have ever seen a witch, only the effects which the mortals, in their superstitious minds, attribute to the supernatural. Thus the director may focus on the valley world and treat the supernatural as a function of mortal superstition and fear.

On the other hand, he may, with equal justification, approach his production from the point of view of the protagonist. The valley



people are less fully developed characters, more stereotyped than the witches. Within this interpretation, the witch world is the real one, and the valley people are caricatures, representing the worst of the mortal world to which John aspires.

This director, however, elected to strike a balance between these approaches. She created two very different worlds in order to emphasize the magnitude of the change from witch to mortal that John attempts. The introductions to the mountain and to the valley established separate moods characteristic of each world. The black curtain rose silently to the accompaniment of lightning and thunder. The mountain, revealed in silhouette against a rich blue sky, dominated the set. One flash of lightning briefly illuminated the mountain; the next flash revealed the silhouette of the three witches high on its slope. (See Figure 2, p. 24); the third flash returned the silhouette of the mountain, empty again, thus establishing a mood of supernatural foreboding.

The first valley scene, on the other hand, was bright and chatty. The lights flashed on and the dresses of the dancers swung into action. Although the second scene would have been better if the costumes had been brighter against the black mountain, the director feels that the snappy dance and folksy chatter that followed established a light, gay mood.

The main complaint the director has of her approach is that she did not make it perfectly clear how the worlds related to one another, although there were instances of correlation between the two approaches. For example, throughout the production, the spread-eagle gesture of the witches occurred in the valley scenes. This technique was particularly

effective in the revival scene, when the movements of the valley people, as they forced their will on Barbara Allen, slowly evolved into the movements of the witches. (See Figure 2, p. 24, and Figure 16, p. 156) Other details also served to link the two worlds. The silhouette used at the opening of the play, mystical in nature and therefore one of the mountain elements, also occurred in the context of the mortal world: at the Preacher's first entrance, at the end of John's and Barbara's love scenes, and at the entrance of the congregation over the mountain into the revival.

John, himself, provided the fundamental transitional device between the two worlds. In the valley his "witchery" gradually diminished as he became more and more human. This transition was especially effective because the mountain was so different from the valley. The director chose to emphasize the difference by a dichotomy in style. However, the director does recognize that the production fell short of the necessary fusion of the styles.

#### Audience Reactions

After four weeks of rehearsal, Dark of the Moon opened to a full house Friday, April 22, 1971. During the three nights of production, approximately 1100 people saw the play. Even though the director feels that the opening segment could have been somewhat faster in pace, the audience was startled and impressed by it. Several spectators gasped during the sequence each night.

The audience entered into the spirit of the play. They enjoyed the action, laughed at the humor, were quiet during the pathos, and shocked at the cruelty. Perhaps one of the most interesting and



gratifying audience reactions came during the revival scene. Just before the heavy, dramatic climax, the confession of Edna Summey and Hank Gudger provided some much needed bawdy comic relief. All three audiences laughed throughout the chorus of "Washed in the Blood" which followed the confession, but as soon as the congregation froze and Mrs. Allen addressed her haunting "Oh, Gawd, save my child!" to the preacher, no further sounds came from the audience until the curtain calls.

Another audience reaction which occurred regularly each night was a surprise to the director, though she should have expected it. As the preacher rolled into the revival scene, to the singing of "Old Time Religion," the audiences groaned and then laughed at the glory-riding figure on its pedestal, wide-brimmed hat in one hand and the Bible in the other. The caricature was true, and the audiences appreciated the treatment.

#### A Final Note

During the weeks of preparation for opening, the director felt that at times more detailed preliminary planning on her part might have provided a welcome sense of security. But in retrospect, she is glad she did not trade the flexibility permitted by a fairly open conception of the play for this security. She would not wish for so tight and rigid a preliminary plan that the creative moment never has a chance to occur during auditions and rehearsals.

In conclusion, the director judges her production of the play Dark of the Moon to have been neither overpoweringly successful, nor a success damned by faint praise, but nonetheless successful.

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## APPENDIX A

## PROGRAM



*Dark  
of the  
Moon*

## APPENDIX B

## REVIEWS

The Greensboro Daily News, Saturday, April 24, 1971.

# 'Dark Of The Moon'

## Fine Work At UNC-G

### A Review

BY JIM McALLISTER  
Daily News Entertainment Editor

It was a night of witches and foot-stomping mountain music in UNC-G's Taylor Theater. It was a night of strange love, haunting superstitions and dark tragedy.

A Master of Fine Arts thesis production, "Dark of the Moon" by Howard Richardson and William Bernèy, opened Friday

of the FBI could be improved. The solid evidence that the majority leader consists of under fire, especially when the President, no choice but to his superiors, the attorney general, nor does it excuse the way Dowdy now faces bribery recorder taped to his back. his office an FBI informer John Dowdy of Texas, by "bugged" a member of Con- April 5, it has developed that Mitchell himself is in the eral's office profess to know. me of his predecessors in the Mr. Boggs did, or indeed about the activities of Mr.

al store instead of the church. After a time, the girl became pregnant and delivered a child. In a terrifying scene, the midwife tells the world that the baby, born dead, wasn't a baby at all but a witch. So she burns the corpse.

IN A tremendous, climactic scene, the girl confesses in the church that her husband has indeed been a witch and will go back to that plagued condition once more if she strays from her marriage vows. The congregation, seeing a way, however evil, to rid themselves of a witch in their midst, surrounds the girl while the bully rapes her.

It's strong stuff. The strong-handed direction by Miss Epperson, combined with far above average sets and lighting by Dudley, produced an evening of theater to be remembered.

The show had original music by Richard Martin. Playing the piano and a auto harp, Martin joined with flutist Lynn Grubbs

and percussionists Colene Crews and Dixie Lindley in delivering the music that fit the action like a glove.

One of the most charming things about this show is the strong, believable mountain accents and the realistic feel of the old-time revival meetings.

Hardy Root, one of Greensboro's most familiar acting faces, is up to his old tricks again in this play. I never tire of seeing him.

TERI LYON and Frank F. O'Neill are first-rate as the parents of the girl and Jeff Irvin comes across well as her brother.

Others in the cast are Arthur R. Williams Jr., Randy Ball, Marta Schley, Kathleen Larkin, Merikay C. Noah, Craig Spradley, Fran Adams, William Wheeler, Kay Taylor, Shannon Campbell, R. L. Sydow, Moffett Sneed, Hall Parrish, Phil Smoot and Betsy Silverman.

Jennifer Lowe, a true genius in this art of graceful movement, has choreographed the play in her usual winning style.

From The Carolinian, April 27, 1971.

by Nancy Moore

Both Robert Rutland and Sybil Rosen delivered extremely powerful performances in what many are terming the best production of the season, "Dark of the Moon."

"My name. . . John"

With superb command of the stage, Robert Rutland portrayed the witchboy, John, who wants to be human. Rutland's lithe movements, facial expressions and mastery of the mountain dialogue all added to his performance characterized by one spectator as "animal magnetism."

Rutland's portrayal is intriguing in the first two scenes of the second act. There is pathos in the indecision of John's crying that it is sometimes more than he can

bear to be human "although I knows that's what I wants." Immediately following this declaration, his confrontation with the witches has melodramatic tendencies, but Rutland handles it well, achieving the release of his built up tensions with anguished calls to Barbara Allen.

"A gal named Barbara Allen"

Sybil Rosen is "the girl he loves who is untrue." Miss Rosen plays a difficult role extremely well, varying from the saucy square dance to her betrayal of her husband.

In the church scene where Barbara Allen is raped "as a handmaiden of God" to rid the valley of a witch, Miss Rosen displays all of her dramatic skill in keeping the audience spellbound from her attempts to escape until





From The Carolinian, continued.

Though I possess little knowledge of the art of directing, the overall excellence of this production of "Dark of the Moon" seems to speak favorably of Sandra Epperson's direction. She has achieved an exceptionally well cast and well staged production.

Original music for the production was written by Richard Martin. He also conducted the small orchestra that performed during the play. The music, harshly discordant at points, contributed to the overall effect of the play.

*"You're Witches, Ain't You?"*

Barry Bell and Kathleen Larkin as the witches display athletic prowess as well as dramatic ability; not even to mention their capability of restraint. Their sudden appearances would almost make any skeptic believe in the supernatural as their maniacal laughter rang in his ears.

Frank O'Neill and Teri Lyon play Barbara Allen's parents. Mr. O'Neill's accent is quite good and his delivery well paced. Miss Lyon on the other hand seems to give a more visual approach. Jeff Irvin had the problem of playing Floyd Allen, a character who tends to remain nondescript although he is in almost every scene, because as he says himself, he always gets put out when the fun begins. Whether by

direction or on his own initiative, Mr. Irvin made up for this during the Sunday performance when he literally stole the scene for a few seconds by sneaking an extra swig of mountain dew.

The bully Marvin Hudgins is played by James Moore. Although a somewhat stereotyped character, Mr. Moore manages to maintain respect from the audience despite his almost cowardlike behavior in the opening scenes. Even during the church scene, he has no strong antagonism from the audience because he is seen mainly as a tool of the witches.

The backwoods Billy Graham was played by Arthur Williams, Jr. Although reflecting many facets of mountain preaching, Preacher Haggler remained a mosaic: he somehow lacked a depth of character. There is an interesting similarity of stance between the witch and the preacher, perhaps unnoticed by some.

*"It ain't spoiled, it just end sad"*

The combined effects of excellent performances, staging, scenery, lighting, costuming, music and direction on a spellbinding script are overwhelming. One leaves the theatre somehow extremely moved by the story

which is not spoiled by its sad ending. It could end no other way.